

ONCE BOUGHT, ALWAYS BOUGHT.

SHORT STORIES

EDITED BY
C. ARTHUR PEARSON (OF PEARSON'S WEEKLY)

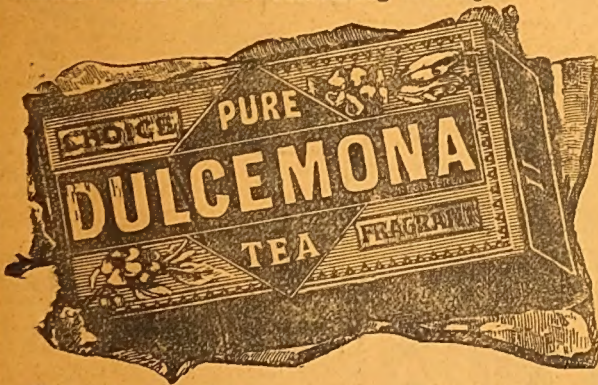
No. 316.]

FOR WEEK ENDING JANUARY 19, 1895.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

YOUNG. FRESH. INVIGORATING.

The *Queen* says:—"DULCEMONA TEA is excellent, most delicate in flavour and refreshing to a degree."



The *Lady* says of DULCEMONA:—"A new and most delicious blend of Tea, with a soft and delicate flavour."

1/6, 1/10, 2/-, 2/4 per lb. 1/2 Lead
Packets, and 3lbs. and 5lbs. Tins Only.

AGENTS EVERYWHERE—FIRST-CLASS GROCERS.

WHOLESALE ONLY:

11 & 11a, UPPER THAMES STREET, LONDON, E.C.

100 YEARS' WORLD-WIDE RECORD OF SUCCESS!

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS

INDIGESTION BILIOUSNESS HEADACHE
STOMACH & LIVER COMPLAINTS DEBILITY

The BEST of all TONICS and a GENTLE APERIENT.

Mild in Operation, Perfectly Safe, & Free from Injurious Drugs.

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN BOTTLES AT 1/4, 2/6, AND 11/- EACH.

Ask for "NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS," and do not be
persuaded to purchase an imitation.

PREPARED BY
NORTON'S, LIMITED,

21, SPITAL SQUARE,
LONDON, E.



Trade Mark—One Little Bottle.

THE SOAP FOR
HARD WATER

LATHERS FREELY in the HARDEST WATER

THE SOAP FOR
SOFT WATER

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER

A
HOUSEHOLD REQUISITE
LARGEST SALE of 1# TABLETS in the WORLD

THE SOAP FOR
HOT WATER

THE SOAP FOR
COLD WATER

Cheerful Winter Evenings. CAMPBELL'S MELODEONS.



They have Organ and Celestial Tone, and Charming Bell Accompaniments. NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE. The Solemn Psalm, the Soul-lifting hymn, the Cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance, all can be played on these charming Instruments. NO KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC IS REQUIRED.

Special offer to the readers of "Short Stories." CAMPBELL'S "GEM" MELODEON *price only 6/6* CAMPBELL'S "MINIATURE" MELODEON, 10/6 CAMPBELL'S "PARAGON" MELODEON, 14/- CAMPBELL'S "FAVOURITE" MELODEON, 16/6 Either of the above sent Carriage Paid to any Address in Great Britain and Ireland. Cut out this, and mention "Short Stories," when ordering. Worth double the money.

NO DECEPTION HERE. 100,000 TESTIMONIALS. Important Testimonial from Professor Brown, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales:—"Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the finest instruments that have ever come under my touch, and only require a trial to advertise themselves."

Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the only Genuine Melodeons in the Market. BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS. N.B.—All lovers of music should at once send for our New Illustrated Privilege Price List for Season 1895, now ready. 50,000 of these valuable Lists sent out yearly. Send id. stamp to CAMPBELL & Co., Musical Instrument Makers, 116, Trongate, Glasgow. (Established 50 years.)

£2 WEEKLY UPWARDS may be HONESTLY REALISED by persons of EITHER SEX, without hindrance to present occupation. For Samples (returnable), &c., enclose addressed envelope to EVANS, WATTS & Co. (P 228), Merchants, Birmingham—This is genuine.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES. Valuable and never failing remedies for all irregularities and obstructions, however obstinate or long standing, and never fails to bring about the desired result. These really wonderful medicines are without parallel in medical science; they preserve health, and have saved thousands trouble, illness, and expense; heaps of unsolicited testimonials. Send at once stamped envelope for most invaluable particulars. (The only effectual remedy on earth.)

A. DASMAL,
52, LANGDALE, WALTHAMSTOW.
(Established 1851.)

ONE BOX OF
**DR. MACKENZIE'S IMPROVED
HARMLESS ARSENIC WAFERS**
will produce the most lovely complexion that the imagination could desire. Clear, Fresh, freed from Blotch, Blemish, Coarseness, Redness, Freckles, or Pimples. Sent post free 4s. 6d. To whiten the hands and skin, use
Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Toilet Soap.
1s. per tablet, 3 for 2s. 6d. Postage, 3d.
S. HARVEY, 12, Gaskarth Road, Balham Hill, London, S.W. Beware of injurious imitations.

MUCH BETTER THAN STEEL AND PENNYROYAL.
OTTEY'S Unlabelled strong FEMALE PILLS Quickly and Certainly remove all obstructions, arising from any cause whatever. Invaluable for married women. Post free, under cover, for 14 and 33 stamps, from—
THOMAS OTTEY, Chemist, Burton-on-Trent.
Please mention this paper.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BOILING WATER OR MILK.

BORD'S PIANOS

ON SALE, with 25 per cent. Discount for Cash, or 14s. 6d. per month (Second-hand 10s. 6d. per month) on the three years' system.—Lists Free of C. STILES and CO., 40 and 42, Southampton-row, Holborn, London. Pianos Exchanged.

NEW HARRISON KNITTER
SWIFT GOLD MEDAL.
Knits STOCKINGS
Gloves (ribbed or plain)
GLOVES and CLOTH-
ING in WOOL, SILK,
or COTTON. INSTRUCTIONS
FREE. Lists free per
post. TRIUMPHANT AWARD
at PARIS. The only WINNER
in the WORLD of 7 GOLD MEDALS and 19
other Honours.

HARRISON KNITTING MACHINE CO.,
Works: 43, Upper Brook St., Manchester.

Exema

and all Skin Eruptions are cured by a
Healing Cream widely known as

"Antexema."

"Antexema" is sold by all Chemists and
Stores and may be had post free for 1s. 8d.,
2s. 9d. and 4s. 9d., of the ANTEXEMA CO.,
83, Castle Road, London, N.W.
Little Book Free. NAME THIS PAPER.

PLUCKY ADVERTISING.

NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY sending a
Shilling for Three Ounces of our exquisite
"MOSQUE" SMOKING MIXTURE, will
be presented free with a Pipe, Rubber
Tobacco-Pouch, and a Turkish Amulet.
The whole sent in parcel per post on receipt
of Twelve Stamps or P.O. Address—
P15, Eureka Manufacturing Co.,
Clapton, London, N.E.

To Tobaccoists Commencing.
See Illus. Guide. 259 pp.
3d. "How to open a Cigar
Stores from £20 to £1,000."
"Tobaccoists' Co." 139,
Euston Road, London.
Manager—H. Myers.
Estab. 1866. N.B.—Shop-
sters and Show Case Makers for all trades.
ESTIMATES FREE.

INDIA RUBBER STAMPS.

For heading Notepaper, en-
dorsing Envelopes, Cheques,
and Postal Cards, Marking
Linen, etc. Monograms, two
letters, 1s. each; three letters,
1s. 6d. each, full name in neat
type, 1s. 4d. each. Postage, 3d.
Self-inkers, from 2s. each.

Pattern and Price Lists post free.

Stamps are on brass mounts with black handles.

JOHN BERKLEY,

8, Livery Street, Birmingham.

TO LADIES.

English Wives should send at once for
Special Treatise and Price List of
Surgical Appliances. Advised by the
Medical Faculty throughout the world.
Apply, enclosing stamped addressed en-
velope.—M. D., 217, Graham Road,
London, N.E. Please name this paper.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS,

SUCH AS

Sick Headache, Constipation,
Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion,
Disordered Liver, & Female Ailments.

ANNUAL SALE SIX MILLION BOXES.

In Boxes, 9½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

Prepared only by the Proprietor,

THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere.

A Real Boon to Ladies.

TO Especially to those who wish to
know of a safe, certain, and
speedy remedy for all irregulari-
ties and obstructions, a remedy
which, under the most trying
circumstances and in the most
difficult and

TO OBSTINATE CASES,
TO NEVER FAILS TO AFFORD
RELIEF,

TO GENERALLY IN A FEW HOURS.

No case hopeless, failure is
simply impossible, as Mrs. Snow,
of Denmark Hill, Camberwell,
writes:—

"By adopting your treatment
my anxiety and misery was
over within twenty-four hours,
although I had been daily taking
pills and other things in vain.
Half the quantity you sent
proved effective, to my intense
joy and surprise.

A sworn guarantee is enclosed
with all testimonials and medi-
cine, which is inexpensive, as one
bottle at 4s. 6d. (by post, 4s. 9d.)
is usually sufficient for any case.

Full particulars will be gladly
forwarded to any lady on receipt
of addressed envelope.

Write privately to—

Mrs. P. S. S.,
145, STOCKWELL ROAD,
LONDON, S.W.

TOWLE'S PENNYROYAL PILLS FOR FEMALES.

QUICKLY CORRECT ALL IRREGULARI-
TIES, REMOVE ALL OBSTRUCTIONS and
RELIEVE the distressing SYMPTOMS so
prevalent with the sex. Boxes 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.
the latter size contains three times the quantity,
if all Chemists, or will send, which in the
majority of cases, are nothing but PURGATIVES,
and cause SICKNESS, PROSTRATION, and
PAIN, without having the desired effect.

Letters to be addressed—

A BOON TO LADIES

Collins' Marvellous Female Remedy.

Mr. COLLINS (who was 30 years a member of the
Royal College of Surgeons of England), will
forward free of Charge, full PARTICULARS of a
REMEDY, which during an extensive practice
both at home and in the Colonies, he has never
known to fail in the most OBSTINATE CASES
OF OBSTRUCTION and IRREGULARITIES.
Send addressed envelope for full particulars, and
waste no more time and money on useless Pills
and so-called Remedies, &c., which in the
majority of cases, are nothing but PURGATIVES,
and cause SICKNESS, PROSTRATION, and
PAIN, without having the desired effect.

Letters to be addressed—
D. COLLINS,
GOTHIC HOUSE, 9, ESKINE STREET,
LIVERPOOL.

MADAME FRAIN'S FAMOUS FEMALE MIXTURE.

The most powerful and effective on earth.

For the most obstinate cases. Will not injure
the most delicate. Price 7s. 6d. (Strongest, 11s. per
bottle); post free, 6d. extra. HERBAL INSTITUTE,
1a, Hackney Road (opposite Shoreditch Church),
London, N.E. Send at once stamped directed
envelope for particulars and proofs. I will forfeit
£100 for every testimonial that is not genuine,
and they can be seen at any time.

Sold also by all Chemists.

BALDNESS CURED in all
its forms. Send stamped ad-
dressed envelope for Testi-
monials, Press Criticism, and valuable Pamphlet,
containing Chapters on Baldness, Loss of Hair,
Greyness, Superfluous Hair, &c., with Advice
Form for Treatment, to Dr. HORN, Hair Special-
ist, Newport, Isle of Wight.

TO WOMEN. IRREGULARITIES,
OBSTRUCTIONS, &c., re-
moved by an ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN Method with-
out MEDICINE. No Pills, Mixtures, or Useless
Injections. *Greatest Discovery of Modern Medical
Science.* Send stamped envelope for particulars,
testimonials, &c., to Mrs. SHAFER-BENNETT, 328,
High Holborn, London, W.C.

SHORT STORIES.

EDITED BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

No. 316.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 19, 1895.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

The Story of a Wager

I.

"Is Mrs. Featherstonhaugh at home?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Adonais fumbled in his card case.

"Is she quite well again?"

The man opened his eyes.

"No, sir; but the day was so fine, she thought a drive might do her good."

A card exchanged hands, and the door of the dainty residence closed softly.

Oliver Adonais put back his card case into his pocket, much relieved, and walked with a long, swinging step down the parched thoroughfare.

The sun was shining on Adonais. It played on his sleek black hat, glared searchingly at the seams of his coat, lit up his reddish brown hair and moustache, and would have done the same for his eyes had it been possible. But Adonais was walking with his head in the air, and his brows knit, and his keen, splendid hazel eyes cast to the ground—for he was thinking.

"I'm glad they were out," he was saying to himself, "very glad. I don't like them. The men one meets there are fools or fast, and the women—loud. I spent that evening with them, and I had to call to-day, of course. But there's an end of it. As for Mrs. Featherstonhaugh herself, I don't believe in her illness—simply don't believe in it; she's just as well as I am. Pretty woman enough, but unprincipled and cruel. I don't like her."

Adonais turned sharp round a corner, and flicked a bit of straw viciously off the pavement with the end of his walking stick.

"Hilloa! there is the Featherstonhaugh carriage, if I'm not mistaken—yes." Here he performed the manual labour of taking off his hat. "Thought a drive might do her good," and he smiled an amused smile to himself; "hope it has. That must be the sister she spoke about with her—very beautiful, but hard as a statue, I should say. Wonder who that fellow on the seat opposite was. I'm sure I know his face, and he looked as if he knew me."

Meanwhile the open barouche, with its C springs and high-stepping horses, swept round the corner of the street. The younger of the ladies stifled a yawn.

"Who was that?" she asked lazily.

"Mr. Adonais," promptly replied Mrs. Featherstonhaugh.

She opened her languid eyes slightly.

"Who?"

All Rights Reserved.



The dark-complexioned man sitting opposite answered her this time:

"Oliver Adonais."

"Adonais! What a strange name!"

He leaned back in his seat.

"A good name; and they are the oldest family in—"

She moved impatiently.

"Oh, if you please—enough!"

If one sets you off once on the subject of pedigree, there's absolutely no stopping you."

He laughed.

"The pedigree of Oliver Adonais might be physiologically interesting; he has no heart."

Gabrielle Ryan smiled a little sarcastically.

"No heart! But neither have a good many other people. Neither have I, for instance."

The bold blue eyes opposite studied her calmly for a moment.

"Possibly not; sometimes I think I have none myself. But pardon me, Gabrielle; I wasn't

thinking of such as you or I; few people would suspect us as having hearts; we don't look like it. The strange and wonderful thing is to know that a genial, amiable, happy-go-lucky individual like Adonais—and Oliver Adonais is all that—the strange and wonderful thing is that verily indeed he—has—no—heart."

Miss Ryan coloured slightly.

"In the first place, your politeness excels itself to-day," she returned. "And, secondly, how can you answer for Mr. Adonais's want of heart? How should you know anything about it?"

His eyes flashed mischievously.

"I will tell you. Ten years ago Oliver Adonais had just joined the bar; to-day he is perhaps the most rising barrister in England. Then he was wealthy and—an Adonais; to-day he is still an Adonais, of course, and—wealthier. Now, during these ten years—and this is the most important part—during these ten years the mothers and daughters of this London world have thought, planned, toiled and schemed to find out the heart of Adonais. And with what result? Total defeat; ergo, Adonais has no heart."

Mrs. Featherstonhaugh interposed now impatiently.

"Mr. Vaughan," she exclaimed, "listen to this. I was out at dinner the other evening, and in the drawing-room afterwards Mr. Adonais formed the topic of conversation. His abilities and prospects were eulogised by everybody, and one old, white-haired gentleman added—what do you think?"

"Well, what?"

"This: 'He has better than all that,' he said; 'he has the truest heart in the world.'"

Roland Vaughan arched his eyebrows incredulously.

"Where does he keep it then?"

"Not on his sleeve evidently, as some do," said Miss Ryan,

"to have it played with, and tossed lightly aside at will, at the fancy of every passing breeze."

"Thank you, Miss Gabrielle," he returned, bending his head slightly. "I recognise myself to a nicety. However, if Mrs. Featherstonhaugh will excuse me, I must keep to my opinion: Adonais has no heart."

Mrs. Featherstonhaugh shook her head with the irritability of a woman who cannot brook contradiction.

"He has a heart, of course," she remarked in a short tone.

Mr. Vaughan raised his hand quickly to his dark moustache, as though to conceal a smile of amusement.

"Well, Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, suppose we ask your sister to find it out? We might settle the dispute in that way. Gabrielle, does your pride need humiliation? Defeat means humiliation to you, does it not? I can promise you defeat."

"Mr. Vaughan, you are positively rude! And if," continued Gabrielle, her proud lips curling scornfully, "if I succeeded, whose, pray, would be the humiliation then?"

"Why, mine and his," laughed Mr. Vaughan.

"Yours alone," she retorted, beginning to take the matter seriously.

"Ah, well, perhaps so. But I do not fear; you will stand no chance with Oliver Adonais."

Now fairly roused, Gabrielle raised herself with sudden energy.

"It is a challenge," she cried. "Before long I will have him at my feet."

Mr. Vaughan glanced at her with a mocking smile.

"Pardon me," he said, "I am far from underrating your powers, but you never will. Or if you do, I promise to own myself most grievously mistaken in my knowledge of men and human nature."

"And what else?"

"What else? I will present you with a pair of gloves."

"Very well; it is a bet. I shall accept them, but on condition that you own yourself mistaken, and more than that—humiliated."

He laughed again.

"To the dust, Miss Gabrielle," and a gleam of open admiration came into his bold eyes, as they rested on the pale, scornful, most lovely face opposite to him.

Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, who had listened to the conversation in surprise, flushed angrily.

"Mr. Vaughan," she said, "as Gabrielle's future husband, how can you for a moment encourage anything so unprincipled and cruel?"

He leaned forward and arranged the thin rug carefully over her.

"My dear lady," he laughed, "pray don't excite yourself; you forget that thereby hangs the whole kernel of dispute. I hold that Adonais has no heart; if this is so, where is the cruelty? There can be nothing wrong in the experiment."

"And Gabrielle has really your sanction to do this?"

"Gabrielle and I understand each other perfectly. Do we not, Gabrielle?"

"Why, Claire, it is only a little amusement," said the young lady with a smile.

Mrs. Featherstonhaugh stifled a sigh.

"Only a little amusement! And what about the cost?"

Roland Vaughan crossed his arms, and looked at her.

"The cost of Gabrielle's humiliation?"

Gabrielle drew herself up.

"At the cost of yours, you mean," she returned; "and a pair of gloves."

"Ah, no," he said, for something in the word, as applied to himself, displeased him. "We can leave humiliation out of the question, then. No; all for a pair of gloves, Gabrielle." And he held his own suddenly in the air as the carriage drew up at the doorway.

She hesitated and laughed.

"Very well; all for a pair of gloves."

II.

"QUEER thing altogether; queer of Vaughan to call on me. We were college friends, it's true; but—after so many years!"

Mr. Adonais, as he speaks, is in evening dress, with the street lamps flickering in on him through the rain-bespattered windows, and the wheels of his hansom rattling a noisy accompaniment. His well-cut face wears an expression half-puzzled, half-vexed, and he leans back on the dusty cushions and gives himself up to his musings.

"And I had made up my mind to have nothing more to do with the Featherstonhaughs. They may be very nice, of course; but the thing is, I don't like them, nor the people one meets there. Roland Vaughan is certainly not a fool like most of their male acquaintances, but he is hardly the man a steady-going fellow can have much in common with, now at least. At college it was different. I suppose he is related to the Featherstonhaughs."

Here Adonais seemed to fall into deep and rather sad thoughts.

The hansom stopped at the well-known door, and he went up the wet steps and into the brilliant drawing-room. The footman opened it and announced him. A rustle of satin, and Mrs. Featherstonhaugh's pale face—a little paler than usual—was turned towards him, and a limp hand was held out.

"How do you do, Mr. Adonais?" she asked in a feeble voice.

"How do you do?" rang out the genial voice of Adonais. "Are you—ah—better?"

"I am always weak," and she moved slightly to make room for the outstretched hand of her husband; and then turning abruptly towards a figure on an adjoining couch, "Mr. Adonais, this is my sister Gabrielle."

An involuntary flash of surprise and admiration came into his eyes, but he dropped them quickly, and bowed to the beautiful girl before him.

"How are you, Mr. Adonais? Terrible weather, isn't it?" And in this commonplace way Gabrielle Ryan opened hostilities on the heart of Oliver Adonais.

He looked down at her comically.

"I think we've had about one fine day this season."

She raised her long, dark lashes.

"Yes, one," she answered. "I know we've had one; the first day I saw you was a fine day. We were driving, and I asked your name, and I thought it such a strange name—Adonais."

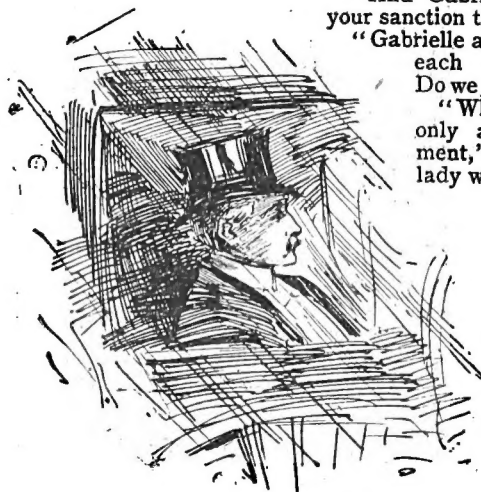
She said the word slowly, pronouncing each syllable by itself, and if Adonais did not notice that it was like the changing tones of a bell, he might have done so. But Adonais was a man of the world; he recognised at once, just as he had done many and many a time before, and just with the same inward amusement, the opening attack of an enemy. He did not know, of course, that his great heart lay in one side of the balance, and a little pair of gloves in the other; but this he did know, that Miss Gabrielle Ryan, belle and beauty, condescended to flirt with him.

"I have rather an objection to the name," he laughed; "it is too ambitious. It is the most ambitious name I know, and you see it is apt to make its bearer ridiculous."

"How d'ye do, Adonais?"

Roland Vaughan had come slowly into the room, with that half-lounge, familiar to everyone who knew him, and—a curious look in his face—was standing beside them.

Adonais turned.



He leans back on the dusty cushions.

"Well, Vaughan, how are you? Do you know I fell into a reverie upon olden days on my way up here."

"Not a very pleasant one for you, I should say, eh?" laughed Mr. Vaughan; but there was something of a sneer in his laugh.

Adonais drew himself up slightly.

"It was not wholly pleasant. Miss Ryan, I fear we used to be scapegoats."

Vaughan leaned back on the mantelpiece.

"I expect we were," he cried. "I have seen very little of you lately, Adonais. The fact is," he added suddenly, "I went on in the same old path and you struck out another. I think that's just about the way of it."

Adonais smiled kindly on him.

"Ah, well, the paths may meet again some day—who knows? May they not, Miss Ryan?"

She lifted her eyes, and looked from one to the other of them.

"Yes, the two may run together for awhile."

There was a meaning in her tone; Vaughan laughed shortly and turned suddenly away. Adonais bent gracefully towards her.

"The general election approaches, and hints are dangerous.

Now, Miss Ryan, do you mean that

I've designs on Vaughan's borough

—Oh, dinner!" and he stopped

abruptly as the door was

thrown open. "I believe

I take you in."

When they were seated, Gabrielle Ryan turned to him.

"Speaking of Mr. Vaughan's borough—has he any chance of getting in again, do you think?"

Adonais evaded the question.

"The general election is at hand and—Vaughan's eyes are upon us."

She smiled slightly.

"But seriously, Mr. Adonais, has he any chance at all?"

He bent his head over his plate.

"Seriously, Miss Ryan, I cannot say. One hears such conflicting reports about things, that it is not safe to believe any of them."

The diamonds round her beautiful neck flashed in the lamplight.

"That is true," she answered thoughtfully. "One does hear conflicting reports about things and about people. It is so distracting."

Adonais looked down at her.

"People exaggerate about things and about other people," he said; "some the good, some the evil. It is that which causes the confiction."

Gabrielle turned and raised her steady, long-lashed eyes to his.

"I do not know. What can you think of this? It is a case in point. At the same place, at the same hour, I heard first, Mr. Adonais, that you had no heart, and again that yours was the truest heart in the world."

Adonais, man of the world though he was, was taken by surprise. The colour deepened on his forehead; for once in his life he racked his brains in vain to find a suitable answer. After a minute he laughed.

"Well, Miss Ryan," he said, slowly, "that is, as you say, an example of what I was telling you; some have exaggerated the good, and some the bad." Then, with a short quiet clearance of the throat, which acted as a full stop to that part of the conversation, "May I pass you the salt?" he added, rather coldly.

For, to tell the truth, beside being surprised, he was just a little disappointed and shocked that a pretty, well-bred woman should have done anything so singular and startling as to repeat these personalities to him.

This stately, dark-eyed beauty was no ingenuous school girl, he knew; but she was an American, and American women, let them be charming as they may—American women do, and ever will do, odd things sometimes. If that were all, he could afford to be genial over it; but if she had deliberate designs of attracting him to her, why, he objected to any such bold hostilities.

At any rate it was rather amusing, and with a half smile he turned his eyes drolly upon her. A strange look came into them as he noted the downcast lip and the colour coming and going on her round cheek; for never had Gabrielle looked or felt more crestfallen. She had failed ignominiously, and she knew it. He bent kindly towards her.

"And so there was a dispute about my heart?" he said.

She hesitated. The man seemed to read her through and through.

"Yes."

"And may I ask how it was decided?"

"Mr. Adonais, it was not decided."

"Ah! and was the matter really allowed to rest on such frightful uncertainty? What folly!"

She laughed feebly.

"The decision was deferred, Mr. Adonais."

He shot a keen look at her again.

"Ah, meantime the mystery would have to be solved."

"Oh, yes, of course," she stammered, playing with her bracelet uncomfortably.

He laughed, now really amused.

"And who was to solve it, I wonder?" he asked, turning his face to her. "Perhaps you."

This time it was Gabrielle who flushed to the eyes; all self-possession utterly forsook her. What could she do? Where should she look? How should she answer? Her thoughts were whirling in mad confusion. To be convicted; she, proud Gabrielle, to be convicted, in indirect language, it is true, but still convicted, of having designs upon a heart. And that by the man whose heart she had undertaken to

capture. And this in the presence of a London dinner party. Roland Vaughan had prophesied humiliation, surely this was something worse.

She turned suddenly towards him, the most abject intreaty plainly written upon every feature of her face.

"Mr. Adonais," she said, "Mr. Adonais, please let us talk of something else."

He bowed politely.

"Certainly. I think we began this evening with the weather; can you suggest another subject, or may I? Do you know I have to make a speech at a flower show to-morrow, this said weather permitting, and I had just made up my mind to ask if you would tell me the names of a few of these flowers on the table, that I may not appear so totally ignorant as I am, when you startled me. Perhaps you will help me now?"

Gabrielle slowly turned her face once again to him.

"Oh, yes!" and her voice struggled for calmness. "That beside you is a pelargonium."

"And opposite?"

"Hydrangea."



"I heard . . . that yours was the truest heart in the world."

"Ah! By the way, what sort of flowers have you in Florida? That might come in very usefully."

"In Florida?" she repeated mechanically, and for one instant there was a beautiful look in her eyes which neither Adonais nor his heart nor the flowers brought there. "Yes, Florida is a lovely place. Oh, and the flowers! There are many flowers. I remember one, long-shaped and blue as a Florida sky. It grew by thousands about the banks of the river at the foot of our garden, and in the summer evenings my sisters and I used to stray up and down and sit among its blossoms to revel in the sweetness of its perfume."

So the dinner passed on. Many voices talked and laughed; attendants' footsteps hurried softly to and fro; the glasses and the plates chinked, and the flowers drooped just a little in the heat and light, and Gabrielle spoke and Adonais listened. When Mrs. Featherstonhaugh rose, Adonais would have fain gone on listening, for Gabrielle had spoken as she seldom did—from her heart. She was away among the orange groves and the citrons, the sweet memories of the past. She had forgotten all about Adonais' heart, and the pair of gloves; almost about Adonais himself.

He smiled more and more over his wine and walnuts at the thought of what she had revealed to him about that heart of his. So this was what the world said of him. Well, was it

true, any part of it? Had he no heart? Had he the truest heart in the world? Roland Vaughan asked his opinion on some political question, and he gave it, and cracked another walnut, and went on with what he was thinking about. Had he the truest heart in the world?

Of course, Adonais did not ask himself such a question seriously; but he found it pleasant to wonder in a half joking, half dreamy way, and to go over his own surprise again in his mind—his surprise when Gabrielle said the words, and looked so fixedly and steadily out of her grave dark eyes into the depths of his.

The guests were gone. Adonais trod the wet pavement, for the rain had

A little child asked for a penny.

ceased, and it pleased him to walk and indulge his thoughts. And Gabrielle on her way up to her bed-room was stopped on the staircase; stopped twice.

Once a woman with a cold white face just touched the girl's brow with her lips.

"Good night, Gabrielle. Have you—have you no mercy, child?"

She opened her eyes.

"Mercy, Claire?"

"Yes, mercy on Mr. Adonais. Wait a minute; I am so weak and tired. If you have no mercy for his sake, have a little for mine."

Gabrielle hesitated for a moment and then hastily passed on.

"Claire, how can you be so ridiculous?"

A little further on she was stopped again. A hand was laid upon her shoulder.

"Well, Gabrielle, are you tired? I saw you were doing your best for the pair of gloves, but you did not make much of it. It will end as I said it would."

Then he kissed her and said good night, for she was to be his wife; and she passed on again, shaking her head half in scorn, half laughingly.

III.

THE carriages roll along, the people hurry to and fro on the pavement, the church clocks chime in the distant steeples, and the afternoon sun glares down on all the toil and turmoil, and plays with the reddish-brown hair and moustache of Mr. Adonais. He is in Oxford Street—walking with long swinging steps, and thinking as usual.

What were his thoughts like, and where was the heart of Adonais? The heart was gone. He had unconsciously given it up to a girl with grave, dark eyes, and a beautiful face: a girl with whom he had latterly spent a great deal of his time. It was gone for ever.

"She loves you," he was saying to himself. "Adonais, she loves you; Gabrielle loves you. The roll of the carriage wheels echoes it, the footsteps of the people repeat it to you, and the clocks and the bells chime it out to you. Oliver Adonais, Gabrielle loves you. Each house you pass takes life and says it to you—always the same; and every street you turn into breaks out anew, but always with the same—Gabrielle loves you. They must know—you must know; they cannot be wrong—you cannot be wrong. She does love you, Adonais; you cannot both be wrong—she does love you."

A little child asked him for a penny, and he gave her half-a-crown. A broken-down friend stopped him timidly for the loan of a pound, and he promised him ten. Well, it was all for the sake of Gabrielle. A painter's boy brushed roughly past him, and stained his coat sleeve a brilliant red, but Adonais walked on with a smile, thinking that here was something for Gabrielle to laugh at.

Meanwhile a carriage stood at a doorway. Inside sat a girl with a beautiful face and grave dark eyes that saw—yet without seeing—what was passing around her. She was there herself, but her thoughts were not there. They were with Mr. Adonais. Gabrielle Ryan in dreamland; dreaming of Adonais. And her dreams ran thus:

"I love him. This is your punishment, Gabrielle Ryan—you love him. This is the end of your boasting intrigue. And he has given you his heart; the truest heart in the world. He loves you. It is your heart now, and what must you do with it? Not crush it? This is the end of it all; you have promised yourself to Roland Vaughan, and you must keep to your promise. Oh, misery! is there no hope—even yet is there not any hope? None; you must keep to your plighted word."

"You know Roland Vaughan; you know what he has done for your father and mother and sisters, all for your sake—with a sneer on his lips—still all for your sake. And, besides, listen; you dare not give him up; you dare not, Gabrielle Ryan. Oh, misery, misery! and I love you, Oliver, as man was never loved."

Ever hurrying nearer, at last he is close. She sees him, and bends suddenly and eagerly forward.

"Mr. Adonais!"

"Gabri—Miss Gabrielle, how are you?"

"I am quite well."

Then comes a pause, and they look at each other; the words take long to rise sometimes when hearts are full. Gabrielle seizes on the first thing which strikes her.

"Mr. Adonais! Look at your coat!"

"Yes; somebody has been painting it for me."

"But how? What a pity!"

"Oh, no, I rather liked it; it brought things to my mind."

She looked at him wonderingly.

"What things?"

He smiled.

"Well, I can't tell you exactly. Perhaps the pale-blue flowers that grew by thousands about the river at the foot of your garden; the flowers amongst which you and your sisters used to sit in the summer evenings to revel in the sweetness of their perfume."

She laughed and coloured slightly.

"Now, that is absurd, Mr. Adonais," and glancing hastily round. "My sister is in one of these shops. Where are you going? Can we drive you anywhere?"

The sunshine laughed in his eyes.

"Thank you, but I don't know where I am going exactly."

Mrs. Featherstonhaugh was coming out; Gabrielle turned to her.

"Claire, here is Mr. Adonais. He was hurrying along rapidly, although he doesn't know where he is going, he says."

All of a sudden, because her heart was beating wildly, and she was struggling for calmness, struggling to quell the misery which was ever there, and to still the flash of joy now illuminating it—suddenly, because these things oppressed her and would have an outlet, Gabrielle Ryan burst into a rippling peal of laughter. And he, knowing not what had caused it, laughed too. Mrs. Featherstonhaugh stood, pale and cold as an icicle, between them.

"The fact is," remarked Adonais, "the fact is, I was going to call upon you, Mrs. Featherstonhaugh."

What could she do?

"Will you drive home with us now, then?"

"I should like to," and he smiled at Gabrielle. "Are you better?" he inquired as he helped her in.

"I am always weak," she answered; and she leaned back in the carriage and looked coldly and haughtily at him.

Mrs. Featherstonhaugh did not like him, Adonais fancied, but Gabrielle did. The keen hazel eyes of Oliver Adonais blazed and burned with love and admiration, as they rested on the beautiful face opposite him.

Adonais sat down to tea with them in the sombre drawing-room, rich colouring round him, glittering Dresden and Sevres china brightening the gloom up here and there. The end was coming near. Gabrielle knew it and trembled; talking the while of the weather, and the last race, and the newest book, and the pictures of the year, and drinking tea out of the dainty tea cups, just as usual, until at last there was a pause in the conversation, and Adonais deliberately faced Mrs. Featherstonhaugh.

"Your sister promised last night to show me that collection of coins in the library," he said, and turning himself slightly, "and you forgot to do so, Miss Gabrielle. May I ask to see them now?"

Mrs. Featherstonhaugh's face paled, but Gabrielle rose, calm and self-possessed. The end had come at last. Well, it was better that it had—she would bear it.

Side by side through the broad hall, the stained glass of the windows throwing beams of coloured light upon them, they passed into the library. Mr. Adonais shut the door and turned to her.

"Gabrielle!" he said.

The sharp snap of a glass door beyond, opening quickly, was heard. A moment's hesitation, and Roland Vaughan, darkness on his face, came forward from the conservatory and stood beside them.

"How d'ye do, Adonais? Sorry to interrupt you, I'm sure, but I thought it was a good opportunity to ask you for your congratulations. You never have given me them, you know."

Mr. Adonais stared at him.

"My congratulations!"

"Yes. You know, don't you, that Gabrielle is to marry me? Gabrielle has told you of that, of course."

Adonais leaned back against the bookcase behind him.

"What do you mean?" he said abruptly, and his face had grown so white, white to the lips, that even the cruel eyes looking at him softened in mercy.

"Why, Adonais, I mean that Gabrielle is engaged to me; has been engaged to me for ages: We shall shortly be married. And you did not know it!"

The walls of the library, and Vaughan, and Gabrielle—Gabrielle with her marble face and motionless figure—swam round Oliver Adonais. He sat down suddenly, and, raising his hand with a quick motion covered his eyes.

"Are you joking, Vaughan?" he quietly questioned.

"Joking! not I. Gabrielle," and he turned to her almost fiercely, "say whether I am joking or not: speak the truth."

"It is the truth, Mr. Adonais," she answered without moving or looking towards him; and her voice was quite hard in its forced calmness.

Adonais rose. There was a dazed look in his eyes; his brows were knit together as those of a man in bodily agony, but he held up his head, and his voice was calm, harder than Gabrielle's had been.

"Yes, I congratulate you, Vaughan, of course. It was strange that I never heard of this before, wasn't it?"

Then, without another word, bowing low to the girl's still figure, Mr. Adonais passed out of the room, out at the doorway—for ever, and so on down the sun-

parched thoroughfare.

A gentleman paced the deck with long, swinging strides.

"Who is he, I wonder?" whispered one passenger to another, as he paused for a moment beside the head of the cabin stairs.

"Hush! don't you know? A sad thing, very, and strange. No one understands it. Of course something must have happened, or he never

would spoil his life in this way. A rising man he was, sir, the man of the future, but he threw it all up to go a voyage to the Antipodes; and here he is, you see. I thought everybody knew him—Adonais, Q.C."

So a life was spoiled, and a heart was lost, and a heart was won, and the truest heart in the world was broken.

And all for a pair of gloves!



Bowing low to the girl's still figure.

A Really Good Novel Profusely Illustrated.

No. 4 of

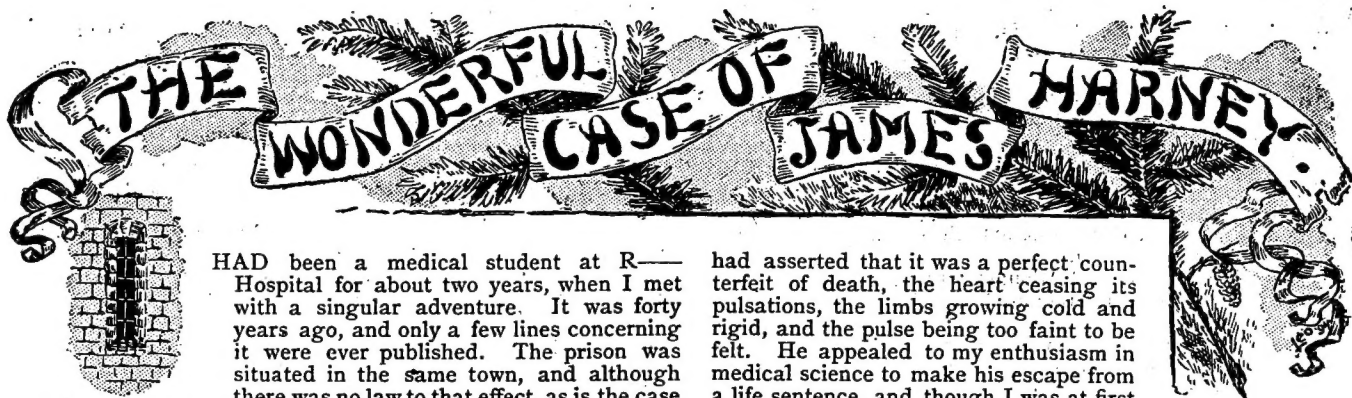
PEARSON'S LIBRARY

ENTITLED—

THE STRANGE WOOING OF MARY BOWLER.

NOW ON SALE.

PRICE SIXPENCE.



THE WONDERFUL CASE OF JAMES HARNEY

HAD been a medical student at R— Hospital for about two years, when I met with a singular adventure. It was forty years ago, and only a few lines concerning it were ever published. The prison was situated in the same town, and although there was no law to that effect, as is the case

now, all bodies of dead convicts not claimed by their friends were turned over to our college for subjects. It sometimes happened, however, that we did not want them, as we drew from other sources, and the classes were much fewer in number than now. At the time I speak of we had three or four subjects, and would not want any more for weeks.

One day—it was in June—I received a note requesting me to call on a convict at the prison named James Harney. He was a man only twenty-eight years of age, and had escaped the gallows by a scratch to be sentenced to solitary confinement for life. Judges still sentence men to solitary confinement, but it is well-known that the sentence is not carried out. After a brief period in a dark cell the convict is set to work with the other prisoners, and treated just the same.

At the time, however, solitary confinement was a dungeon darker than midnight, with leave to walk in a corridor lighted by lamps for half an hour every third day. Harney was a stout, robust fellow, with a constitution like iron, and had been in prison over two years when he sent for me.

Some influential friends of his had interceded for him, and Harney had himself saved a keeper from being killed by an insane convict, and in consequence the terms of his sentence had been modified.

He was permitted to have the run of a corridor, an ordinary cell was allotted to him, and a part of the time he carried the meals to the men still in the dungeons. There was no possible chance for him to escape, and as he had apparently resigned himself to his fate, no one suspected him of such an intention.

He had got a note to me on the excuse that he had some important matters to reveal regarding a robbery perpetrated on my father, then dead. I went to the prison supposing that was the convict's sole object. I was permitted to talk with an iron grating between us, and a keeper sitting a few feet away to see that I did not pass in any article.

Harney's boldness filled me with astonishment. He began by stating that he had heard I was an enthusiastic student of anatomy, and that I had written two or three articles for a medical magazine on the subject of suspended animation and trances.

This was a fact; but as they had been written and published after Harney's imprisonment, and as he was supposed to be dead to the world, I could not understand how he had become acquainted with the fact.

He put his proposition entirely on the ground of medical science, and it was no more nor less than that he should die and his body should be handed over to the hospital. He stipulated that his body should not go into the vat where the subjects are kept for twenty-four hours after being received, and that I should personally watch over it for that length of time.

It was only after a second visit that I was enabled to fully comprehend his plans. He had discovered that he could feign death at will and return to life at any hour not over a day and a night distant. He said that he had tried it successfully up to ten hours on several occasions, and felt sure that he could make the time twice or three times as long.

A fellow-prisoner who had observed him while in this state

had asserted that it was a perfect counterfeit of death, the heart ceasing its pulsations, the limbs growing cold and rigid, and the pulse being too faint to be felt. He appealed to my enthusiasm in medical science to make his escape from a life sentence, and though I was at first firmly opposed to the idea, he brought forward so many arguments, and put them to me so keenly, that I was won over.

"Medical science must have dead bodies to secure benefits for the living," he argued. "I am a practical demonstration of a medical theory you hold. You believe that human life can be temporarily suspended, and you have been ridiculed for your assertions. Here is the opportunity to prove your theory. I will die. All the doctors will pronounce me dead. You shall restore me to life. The case will make you famous."

"But your object is to escape from prison," I protested.

"Granted. I killed an old man, who had only two or three years to live at the most. I have been shut up two years for it. It was my first and only crime, and I have bitterly repented it. Let me go into the world and I shall be a good man under another name. The law will suppose me dead and be satisfied."

In the end he overcame my fears and scruples, and I agreed to his plans, but we were baffled at the very outset by the fact that vacation was coming on, while the medical college had more subjects than it needed.

This was June, and it would be near October before Harney's plan could be carried out. We could safely depend on certain matters in this case exactly as in all others. The prison doctor was an old quack, who had secured his place through politics. It was well-known among the medical fraternity that he was stupid and ignorant, and that the patients who took his doses were as likely to die as to mend.

When a convict died, the case was nearly always reported as typhoid fever. The old fellow appeared to reason that this was a virulent disease, which he could not be expected to cure, and consumption, lung fever, and nearly everything else went down in his report as "typhoid fever—bad case." It was his rule to get the body out of the way as soon as possible. If a convict died early in the morning, he was buried in the afternoon, or his body sent to the hospital in the evening. If he died at about dusk, his body was disposed of before midnight.

"Convicts are useless creatures after the breath leaves them," he said to me on one occasion, "and keeping a corpse round here discourages the living."

When I informed Harney that it would be three months before our plans could be attempted, he grew desperate. He felt certain in his own mind that we should achieve success, and the idea of delay made him reckless.

The prison graveyard was then a part of the town cemetery or at least separated only by a wall. A dead convict was lifted into a pine coffin, the lid screwed down, and two men with a cart drove into the graveyard and dumped the box into a three-foot pit, and filled the hole up. There was no ceremony and no feeling. I knew all these facts, for I had seen several burials, but how Harney could know them was a puzzle to me until I learned that he got them while in gaol awaiting sentence.

He now proposed that he should die and be buried, and that I should dig him up and carry him off, and wait for life to come. This called for far more nerve than the other plan, and

I would not give an answer until I had found a fellow enthusiast who entered into the plot with great alacrity. We rented a room, arranged for a horse and cart, provided ourselves with an electric battery, various restoratives, wine and food, and on the afternoon of the 21st day of June I promised Harney that we would be ready on the following night.

He was greatly elated, and assured me that if there was any hitch in the programme it would not be his fault. When I left him I went to the doctor's office in the prison, and, after a few general remarks, observed:

"Well, doctor, is there much illness?"

"No, not much."

"We shan't want any more bodies before October."

"No, I suppose not. Well, it isn't much of a job to bury them."

"I was just talking with Harney—No. 310. He's looking bad; won't live a month."

"Harney! Oh, yes. I was noticing him the other day. He has got all the points of typhoid, and may drop off any day."

"Well, give him a decent burial, doctor. Good day."

I had scored a point for my man. The doctor was prepared for his death, and would make the usual record. This is what happened at the prison soon after I left. The doctor was informed that Harney was ill, and he went in to see him and found him feverish and flighty, with his pulse high.

"Sorry for you, Harney," said the old quack, after making a brief examination, "but I'm afraid you are going to be a very ill man."

"Yes, I think so, doctor."

"You've got all the symptoms of typhoid; and if the disease gets a good hold on you, it will be a hard job to pull you through."

"Doctor, it's no use," whispered Harney. "If anybody can save me, you can; but I feel that I have only a short time to live. I've had trouble with my heart for a long time, and I feel as if I was gradually going to pieces."

"Well, we'll send you some powders, and perhaps you'll brace up; but, to be honest with you, I think your hours are numbered."

The next morning Harney was much worse, and the doctor gave up all hopes, and sent the chaplain to console the dying man. Harney was very penitent, and when the good man left him it was with the firm conviction that the dying convict had truly repented of all his sins. At three o'clock in the afternoon the gaoler reported to the doctor:

"No. 310 is dead in his cell, sir."

"Oh, is he? Well, those that can't live must die. We will all have to go the same way. Have the body put in a coffin, and it had better be buried as soon as night comes."

"Isn't it to go to the hospital?"

"No. They don't want any more just now."

A plain wood coffin was taken into the corridor, and the body of 310, which was already growing rigid, was placed in it, and the burden was then carried to a shed in the yard, which was used as a mortuary. A convict named Saunders screwed down the coffin lid, but before he had finished his work he dropped his tools and ran to the doctor, and exclaimed:

"I believe Harney is in a trance, or something of the sort, for as true as I live I saw his chest heave and his eyelids flutter as I put the cover on."

"Bosh!" shouted the doctor.

"But I did, sir."

"Look here, Saunders, I shall report to the warden that you had better be returned to the blacksmith shop. When a convict has the audacity to stand up and tell the prison doctor that he doesn't know his business, one or the other should go."

"But I meant no disrespect, sir."

"Perhaps not; but when I pronounce a man dead of typhoid fever—aye, when I have already made my report to that effect—he is either dead or I'm a fool."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'll overlook it this time. Have him buried as soon as it is dark. I don't like the idea of keeping dead bodies round here."

Soon after dark the cart drove out of the prison yard with its burden of death, and the burial party consisted of the

sexton employed for the purpose and a trusty convict. They had the grave to dig, and they had not yet completed it when we arrived on the ground and carefully crept into a position within earshot. They were in a hurry to have the job off their hands, and they had not gone down over two feet when the sexton said to the convict:

"That's deep enough for him or any other dead man. Nobody's to know whether he's two or seven feet down."

They made only ten minutes' work of filling up the grave, and they had scarcely reached the cart when the two of us were throwing out the dirt. When we came to the coffin we lifted it out, removed the lid, took out the body, and then the coffin was returned to the grave, and the dirt shovelled back. In three quarters of an hour from Harney's first burial we had him in our room, and had escaped any chance for suspicion of body-snatching.

During our last interview in prison he had exacted of me the promise that I would make no efforts at resuscitation until twenty-four hours had passed. He intended to die for that period of time, and he firmly believed his will could control events. After twenty-four hours had passed I was at liberty to use any means I thought best.

We undressed the body, wrapped it in woollen blankets, and laid it on a bed. On a stand beside the bed we placed water, wine, and food, and then left the room and turned the key in the door. This was at eleven o'clock at night, and Harney had been dead eight hours. The twenty-four hours would not expire until three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day.

We did not go near the room until half an hour before the expected time, and the moment we looked on the dead man's face we realised that reaction had set in. The pallor was disappearing, colour was returning to the lips, and there was a moisture which felt warm to the touch.

We drew up our chairs without a word, and paid the keenest attention to what was to outrival any experience in any doctor's career. At a quarter to three there was a fluttering of the eyelids, and I put my hand to his heart and could detect a faint pulsation. The colour continued to come to his face, signs of life were multiplied each moment, and at five minutes to three Harney opened his eyes and looked full at us. We saw at once that he was conscious and in full possession of all his senses, and I bent over him and whispered:

"We have kept our promise. You died in prison, were buried by the officials, and we dug you up and brought you here. It is just twenty-four hours. Remain quiet until your strength returns."

I fed him with wine and food, and five minutes later he dropped off into a natural and healthy sleep, which lasted four hours. When he awoke he was ready to sit up and talk, and, after eating and drinking very heartily, he was able to walk across the room. When asked for his experience, he replied:

"The only way I can describe it is to say that I lay down on my back on the floor, held my breath, closed my eyes, and gradually became unconscious. It was perhaps ten minutes before I lost my senses. It was like falling asleep, only it seemed as if I was melting away to nothing. I kept repeating to myself: 'You must awake at three o'clock to-morrow,' and that was the very last thing I can remember. My coming back to life was like awakening from sleep, but I feel weak and tremble as if I had just got up from a fit of sickness."

Well, Harney was out of prison, and I had such facts and points on the subject of suspended animation as would make the public believe me a liar and a fraud if I wrote the solemn truth.

Was he ever suspected? No, but the convict Saunders, whose time soon expired, told how Harney had been buried alive, and the story created so much feeling that the grave was opened. They found the body gone, but the theory was that it had been stolen for the medical college. I was the doctor called to attend Harney in his last illness, which, strangely enough, was typhoid fever, and not half an hour before he died he whispered to me with a smile on his face:

"It will be for good this time, doctor."

And so it was.

→ THE OUTLAWS OF THE AIR. ←

By GEORGE GRIFFITH,

Author of "The Angel of the Revolution," "The Siren of the Skies," &c.

SUMMARY.

MAX RENAULT—leading spirit of Anarchist Autonomie Group No. 7, who has joined the Utopians (a Socialistic colony on an island in the South Pacific) in order to steal the air-ship they are building, which he succeeds in doing.
FRANZ HARTOG—a German engineer, in league with Renault, who steals a very fast torpedo-boat destroyer from the Russian Government to levy blackmail on the Atlantic.
SIR HARRY MILTON—a wealthy young English nobleman, who by chance comes across the island of Utopia, in his yacht, the *Calypto*, and subsequently devotes the whole of his fortune to hunting down Renault and Hartog.
HERBERT WYNDHAM—a Lieutenant in the British Navy who is travelling with Sir Harry for the benefit of his health, and who determines to resign his commission and couple his energies with those of Sir Harry in destroying the Anarchists, on account of the fact that he has been stabbed by Renault when the latter attempts to carry off Violet in the air-ship.
FREDERICK AUSTEN—the inventor of the air-ship, who shares its secret with Edward Adams, Dr. Edwards, and Ambrose Millar, three other Utopians.
FRANK MARKHAM—the young captain of the Utopian yacht, *Mermade*.
VIOLET MILROX—Sir Harry's sister, and Lieutenant Wyndham's sweetheart, is fearfully injured by throwing herself out of the air-ship on which Renault has tried to carry her off.
LEA CASSILIS (alias *MIMI DAIL*)—a member of Autonomie Group No. 7 with whom Renault is in love.
DORA MERTON—a fair Utopian, who has made an impression on Sir Harry.
LUOT SUMMERS—another fair Utopian.
 Renault, after levying blackmail with Hartog on the high seas, returns to Utopia with the object of destroying the colony, but finds it deserted. After a time he goes to Europe in the air-ship *Vengeur*, and, together with Lea Cassilis, visits the Criterion Theatre in London, where he is recognised by Sir Harry and Lieutenant Wyndham, who effect his capture. He is tried, and condemned to death, but is rescued while on the way to the scaffold by his confederates in the air-ship. London is then bombarded by the *Vengeur*. The Utopians in England have built an air-ship, and just as Sir Harry and his friends have started on a voyage, three other air-ships appear on the scene.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A FLYING FIGHT.

MR. AUSTEN followed the direction of Sir Harry's finger with his field-glasses, after locking the steering-wheel for the moment.

"I'm afraid there is no doubt about it," he said, putting the glass down and releasing the wheel again. "As you say, there are three of them, and they are coming up very fast. Of course, they can't be anything but a portion of the Anarchist fleet."

"That's quite certain," said Sir Harry. "Simply because they can't be ours. Evidently their spies have managed to find out where we were building the *War-Hawk*, and those three ships have been sent to smash her up before she could get into the air. If they'd been half an hour sooner they'd have blown us and the *War-Hawk* into little pieces—and with Violet and Dora on board too! Phew! It gives one the shivers to think of it. However, thank God, we are all right now. The question is, what shall we do—fight, or run away?"

"Run away, by all means," replied Mr. Austen, with a grim sort of smile and a meaning twinkle in his eye. "I don't know whether it has ever struck you, but the fact is, that in aerial warfare to run away will not only be to fight, but to fight under the most favourable circumstances. The first and in fact the only axiom in aerial tactics will be: Get your enemy behind you and below you. Then smash him up."

"I see, I see. Of course it will be!" exclaimed Sir Harry. "An air-ship flying at a hundred miles an hour can't use her bow guns with any effect, while her stern guns will be even more effective

than if she was stationary. What a fool I was not to think of that before! Well then, we shall have a trial of heels first, and then a little gun practice at long range, I suppose?"

"Just so," said Mr. Austen. "Always supposing that those fellows are foolish enough to follow us. Now, as I have had more practice than you have, I'll stop here and manage the ship, and you go aft and fight the two stern guns. You can tell me through the speaking-tube what you want in the way of speed or elevation."

"Yes, that's the plan," said Sir Harry turning to leave the conning-tower. "They've got the awning down and everything snug by this time, so we're ready for full-speed whenever you like."

"Very good," said Mr. Austen sending a signal to the engine-room as he spoke. "We'll go up to four thousand feet first. As soon as your range-finder tells you that they are within five miles you can open fire. Don't be afraid of the ammunition. Our gunners want practice, and we can get plenty more at Lundy. If we can get those fellows to follow us we'll work round there and join forces with the *Volante*."

"All right," said Sir Harry. "I won't spare the shells, I can tell you. I only hope that blackguard Renault is on board one of them, and that I get a shell squarely into her."

So saying, he closed the door of the conning-tower and descended into the hull of the ship, which was now rising rapidly into the upper strata of the air. He paid a visit first to his sister's cabin and briefly explained the position of affairs to her and Dora, assuring them that there was no danger—as there really was not—as long as they could keep the enemy behind them—and then he went into the after gun-room where he found the crews standing by the two long guns, which had already been loaded.

The three Anarchist vessels were now about six miles astern, and nearly two thousand feet below the *War-Hawk*. Of course, at that distance they were mere specks floating in the ocean of atmosphere, and to hit them with a point-blank aim was quite out of the question. Still, as the *War-Hawk* was only moving at a speed of about sixty miles an hour, while they were travelling nearly a hundred, the distance rapidly decreased, and every moment they became more and more distinct.

"What are you loaded with, Martin?" said Sir Harry to the captain of the starboard gun.

"Twenty pound meline in both guns," was the reply.

"I'm afraid that won't do for these fellows," said Sir Harry.

"But still, you can try the range with them. I think they've sighted us, for they are evidently rising. Take the two outside ones and try your luck."

The two gun captains took a careful sight through the range-finders mounted on the breeches of the guns, and then came a long and a sharp whistling hiss as the air pent up in the breech-chambers under the pressure of a hundred atmospheres rushed out, driving the projectiles before it. Sir Harry, with his glasses, had no difficulty in following the two shells, flying as they did in a line with the flight of the *War-Hawk*, until they vanished into the distance.



He went into the after gun-room.

S.H. Hope

No result visible to the naked eye followed, but as he took his glasses down from his eyes he said:

"Bravo! Capital shots both of them. You got the direction excellently, and I don't think they can have been fifty yards out, either of them. Now we'll try a couple of gelatine time-shells."

These were shells containing blasting-gelatine and a tube filled with liquid oxygen. As the guns were being loaded again Sir Harry said:

"What do your range-finders say now?"

"Coming down to nine thousand yards and fifteen hundred feet elevation."

"Then set the shells for six seconds, and let go as soon as you are ready."

Almost as soon as the words were out of his mouth the compressed air hissed through the barrels again, and Sir Harry began counting.

"One—two—three—four—five—six. Ah! there they go. Elevation perfect, but about a hundred yards astern of them. Still, it has shaken them up considerably. Ah! I thought so, they're scattering."

The moment after the two transient specks of light had appeared in the distance against the now darkening background of the sky, telling of the bursting of the two shells, the two outer Anarchist vessels swerved sharply to right and left, and, still mounting upwards and travelling at the utmost speed of which they were capable, swung round in two wide curves as though they were striving to head the *War-Hawk* off.

Watching them closely through his glasses, Sir Harry allowed them to come within three miles of the *War-Hawk's* quarters, and then asked Mr. Austen to quicken up until the *War-Hawk* was relatively stationary to them. At the same time he had the two bow guns swung round until they bore on the Anarchist vessels on either side.

"Now," he said to the crews as soon as the guns were in position. "Your range is three miles. Time your shells for that and blaze away. Ah, they've opened fire too. Well, they won't do much harm at this speed, I think."

His last exclamation was called forth by the bursting of a couple of shells about a mile on either side of the *War-Hawk*, and some three hundred feet below her. What Mr. Austen had said was borne out to the letter. The four vessels were now moving at a speed of a hundred and twenty miles an hour through the air, and therefore the wind was rushing past them with a force half as great again as that of a hurricane. Consequently, as the Anarchist gunners very soon found, it was impossible to take any effective aim with guns into the muzzles of which the air was being forced at this enormous pressure.

But with the *War-Hawk's* artillery the conditions were reversed. Her guns being trained aft at a very acute angle, the wind swept harmlessly past their muzzles, and her projectiles, hurled forward with an initial velocity of three thousand feet a second, sped undisturbed on their way. Her gunners now settled down steadily to their work, and every shell burst nearer than the one before it to one or other of the Anarchist vessels. At length one from the starboard forward gun burst fairly under the air-planes of the nearest of them.

"Bravo!" cried Sir Harry, who had watched the explosion through his glasses. "That's crippled him at last."

And so it had done; for like a bird with a broken wing,

the stricken ship stopped, turned over, and vanished in the distance as the others sped onwards. By this time they were travelling over the Cheviot Hills in a south-westerly direction. Those on board the *War-Hawk*, looking back into the gloom behind and beneath them, saw a brilliant spout of flame burst up out of the midst of the dark heather-clad hills far away in the distance astern.

"What was that, Sir Harry?" asked Dora, with a tremor of awe in her voice. She had come from Violet's cabin with a message, and was standing by his side watching the effects of the shot through the open slide through which the barrel of the gun projected.

"That was an Anarchist air-ship loaded with explosives falling on to the earth from a height of about three thousand feet," replied Sir Harry gravely. "That is what it means to be crippled in an aerial engagement. Horrible, isn't it?"

"Horrible!" cried Dora with a shudder. "There is no word that would describe it. It seems too awful even to think about. Is that what would happen to us if they hit us?"

"Most probably," he said, still more gravely. "And that is why we are keeping them behind us. Ha! there goes another. Well aimed, Martin. That appears to have shaken him considerably. It burst right under his stern, didn't it?"

"Yes, and crippled his propellers; I think,"

said the captain of the starboard after-gun, flushing with pleasure at the result of his shot.

"She is dropping out of sight fast, and there's the other one turning round to go and help her I suppose."

"So she is," cried Sir Harry. "Now, Miss Dora, you go back to Violet and tell her we

have had it all our own way so far. Don't I only wish old Wyndham was here. I think this sort of fighting would open his eyes considerably."

"You are not the only one on board who wishes that, Sir Harry," said Dora with a laugh as she walked towards the companion-way that led up from the gun-room—which was placed in the lowest part of the hull so that the guns could be fired clear of the air-planes and the propellers.

As the third of the Anarchist air-ships had gone back to her crippled consort, who was now beyond range, Sir Harry also left the gun-room and went to discuss the situation with Mr. Austen in the conning-tower.

"We've done very well," said the engineer; "very well indeed, considering this is the first bit

of gunnery practice our gunners have had. I hope that one we sent down didn't fall on a town or a village. We can't be very far from some of the towns on the North Tyne. Good heavens! Why, an explosion like that would be enough to lay a whole town in ruins. I'm afraid this aerial warfare is going to be something much more horrible than the old-fashioned sort, and goodness knows that's bad enough."

"I'm afraid so," replied Sir Harry; "but I don't think that fellow fell anywhere but on the moors, and he wouldn't do much harm there except to himself. I'd give something to know that that blackguard Renault had been on board of her. But what do you think we had better do now? Shall we go back and see what those fellows are up to? There is a good moon getting up now, and we shall have plenty of light to see what they are doing."

"Yes," replied Mr. Austen, "I think we may as well. I'll tell Markham to go up another thousand feet, and then we'll try if we can get over them. Just see that there are no lights showing anywhere about the ship when you go back to the gun-room, will you? We mustn't let them see us coming if we can help it. Tell me when you want to use the guns again."



Saw a brilliant spout of flame burst up out of the dark, heather-clad hills.

"We'll go back at sixty miles, and then you'll be able to pick them up easily."

As Sir Harry left the conning-tower the blades of the lifting-fans sprang out from the masts and began to revolve faster and faster as the speed of the air-ship decreased. At the same time Mr. Austen inclined the planes, and the *War-Hawk*, swinging around, mounted on an upward curve in an easterly direction.

As she did so a scene of strange and almost indescribable beauty opened out under the wondering eyes of Dora and Violet as they sat at the window of their cabin, quite oblivious for the time being of any danger, and wholly absorbed in amazed admiration of the marvels of their first aerial voyage. They were far above the clouds now, and the great bank of cumulus to the westward which had looked so dark from the earth was now a fairyland of snow and opal, stretching away into the infinite distance in endless ranges of hills of the most fantastic outline, bathed in the mingled silver of the moonlight and the crimson afterglow of the sun that had set behind them.

To the eastward there were only a few isolated masses of cloud floating like islands of snow in the ocean of air, and below these, thousands of feet beneath them, lay the dark outline of the land and the shimmer of the moonlight on the water beyond it. As the *War-Hawk* swept round, two little grey patches close together appeared far below and in front of them. One was the crippled air-ship and the other her consort lying about fifty yards away from her.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AN ESCAPE AND A CAPTURE.

"WHAT are we to do with those fellows?" said Sir Harry to Mr. Austen as the *War-Hawk* slowed up and hung suspended in the air some fifteen hundred feet above the two Anarchist air-ships. "It doesn't seem quite the thing to blow them to pieces in cold blood, and yet—"

"My dear sir," replied Mr. Austen almost sharply, "please remember whom we're fighting. These people are not honourable adversaries; they are only vermin, and as vermin we must destroy them. There, look at that! Do you think any human being with a soul to call his own would do a thing like that—leave his consort helpless under his enemies' guns! Wilson, Vincent, get your guns to bear on that scoundrel and see if you can't wing him before he gets out of range."

The latter part of Mr. Austen's speech went down the speaking-tube communicating with the forward part of the gun-room, and almost instantly the bang of the two mingled reports sounded through the ship, and the two shells went screaming after the uninjured air-ship, which had literally sprung away from the side of her helpless consort the instant that the *War-Hawk* had been discovered hovering over them.

Unfortunately the order had been given a moment too late, and the shells passed astern of the rapidly moving vessel and struck the earth far below, expending their energy harmlessly on the heather. Before the guns could be re-charged the Anarchist craft, with her planes inclined downwards, had passed like a flash underneath a light bank of clouds and vanished.

"That's my fault," said Sir Harry bluntly. "I don't think I understand this kind of warfare yet. Kill or be killed seem the only alternatives. That fellow may do untold mischief before we can catch him again."

"Exactly," said Mr. Austen drily. "But it was my mistake, as well as yours. We ought to have fired on them both the moment we came to rest. However, we won't let that one escape."

"Not if I can help it," added Sir Harry. "I'd like to take the beggar prisoner and hang the crew in due form; but while we were doing that I suppose that other fellow would come back and blow us to pieces."

"Stop a minute—I don't see why we shouldn't if we only take proper precautions," interrupted Mr. Austen. "I think that other fellow has had quite enough of fighting for the present, and this one is absolutely helpless; if he hadn't been held have followed the other. As far as I can see he's only able to use his lifting fans to stop himself falling on to the

earth. We'll leave him there, and see what has become of the other. Full speed ahead, please, Markham. Now," he continued as he put the speaking-tube back on its hook,

"we'll try what the *War-Hawk* can do in the way of speed."

As he spoke, the blades of the lifting fans fell down beside the masts and were caught in the clips which held them in position. The wind began to whistle, and then to sing, and then to scream past the masts and stays as the air-ship gathered way, and, with the whole 9,000 horse-power of her engines concentrated on the propellers, went rushing through the cloven atmosphere at a speed of three miles a minute, or a hundred and eighty miles an hour. Keeping her air-planes slightly inclined, Mr. Austen sent her on an upward path to the eastward, the direction which the Anarchist craft had taken.

"We won't give him any chance to get above us," he said to Sir Harry, "and if we can get over him and in front of him we may get a chance of another shot at him. Yes, there he is. Look! You can just see his outline in the moonlight against the background of that moor down yonder."

Sir Harry looked downwards and saw what looked like a grey shadow in the bright moonlight hanging between them and the land. He brought his glasses up to his eyes for a moment and then said:

"Yes, and what's more, we have the heels of him. We are overhauling him hand over fist."

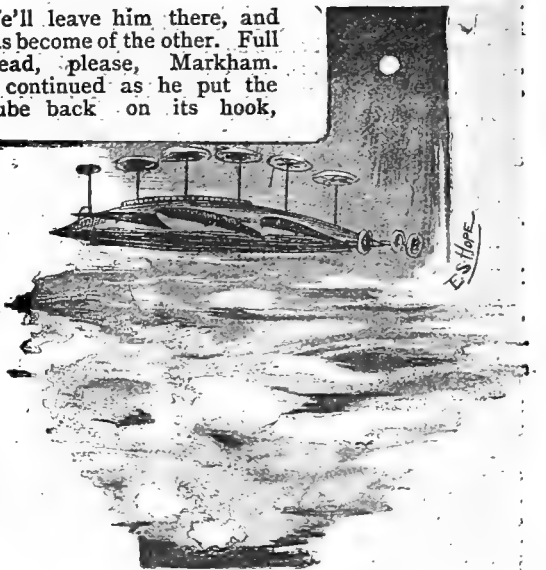
"So we are," said Mr. Austen, "thanks to the lavishness of your expenditure on the *War-Hawk*. I think I can congratulate you on having the fastest air-ship afloat, and of course that means the most formidable one. I should say he was making about thirty miles an hour less than we are, and of course if he means to run for it he is doing his best."

"Well," laughed Sir Harry, "I'm thankful my money has been of some good at any rate, for I am exasperatingly conscious of the fact that I haven't distinguished myself very much since we got afloat."

"All in good time, my dear sir," said Mr. Austen good-humouredly. "Remember this is your first aerial voyage, to say nothing of your first battle in the air, and, added to that, you must remember that I've studied aerial navigation and tactics in theory for more years than you have thought about them for months. I don't suppose it will be very long before you'll be able to take the *War-Hawk* into action without my assistance, and make her the terror to her enemies that she ought to be."

"Well, however that may be, I am lucky in having some one who can teach me," laughed Sir Harry in reply. "And I've certainly learnt the most valuable lesson of all to-night, for I know now that I know nothing at all about it. So, for the present at least, you will please consider yourself in supreme command. You take entire charge of the ship, and tell me what to do and I'll do it."

"Very well, that's practical, to say the very least of it," said Mr. Austen, looking at him approvingly out of his keen grey eyes. "And now, if you'll just take a look round and



They were far above the clouds now.

see the guns are all ready and the men in their places, and then come back here, I'll give you your first lesson in aerial navigation. Meanwhile, we shall have overtaken that fellow I think, and then perhaps we shall see some fun."

Sir Harry, feeling a little out of sorts with himself, but still satisfied that he had taken the most sensible course in reducing himself for the time being to the condition of a pupil, made his round of inspection, and by the time he got back to the conning-tower he found, as Mr. Austen had said, that they had already overtaken the fugitive, which was now floating, a grey speck, nearly two thousand feet below them.

"We'll get a little further ahead," said Mr. Austen, "and then we can open fire on him with the stern guns. But I don't want to do that yet, because we must be passing over the borders of Northumberland and Durham now, and that's crowded with towns, so if we did happen to send him to the earth we might kill hundreds of people below in doing it. We'll wait till we get out to sea, and then it won't matter."

"Eh? What? Hang the fellow, he knows his business a great deal better than those others did! Do you see that crowd of lights down there. Well, that's Newcastle and Gateshead, and those yonder to the eastward are the towns along the Tyne to South Shields and Tynemouth. There he goes—he's dropping down towards them. He knows we daren't fire at him because, if we miss him, our shells will strike in the town, and if we hit him he'll just drop like a huge bomb-shell into Newcastle and lay half the town in ruins. Confound him, what are we to do?"

"And look!" almost shouted Sir Harry, grasping him by the arm and pointing downwards to where myriads of lights indicated the position of Newcastle and Gateshead. "He's bombarding the towns himself out of pure spite and revenge for our having destroyed his two consorts!"

It was only too true. Although the Anarchist air-ship apparently lay at the mercy of the *War-Hawk*, in reality she commanded the situation. True, she offered a comparatively easy mark to her guns, but then if a shell struck her anywhere but in the magazine she would be crippled and drop like a stone with all her cargo of explosives upon the town, while every shot that missed her—and in the deceptive half-light of

the moon the aim was anything but a certain one—would strike some part of the town below and do just as much damage as her own shells.

"What the deuce are we to do?" exclaimed Mr. Austen angrily, as he saw the Anarchist's shells bursting, apparently in half a dozen parts of the town at once. "Who on earth would have thought of the brute trying a move like that!"

There, see, he is dropping fire-shells now into the shipping. Great heavens, look how it's blazing! That must be awful stuff those shells are loaded with. Oh, this won't do at all! There is only one thing to be done. We must go down and get about a couple of miles away from him and then fire horizontally at him over the town."

"And expose ourselves to his shells while we are doing it," interjected Sir Harry. "I'm afraid that would hardly be prudent, would it?"

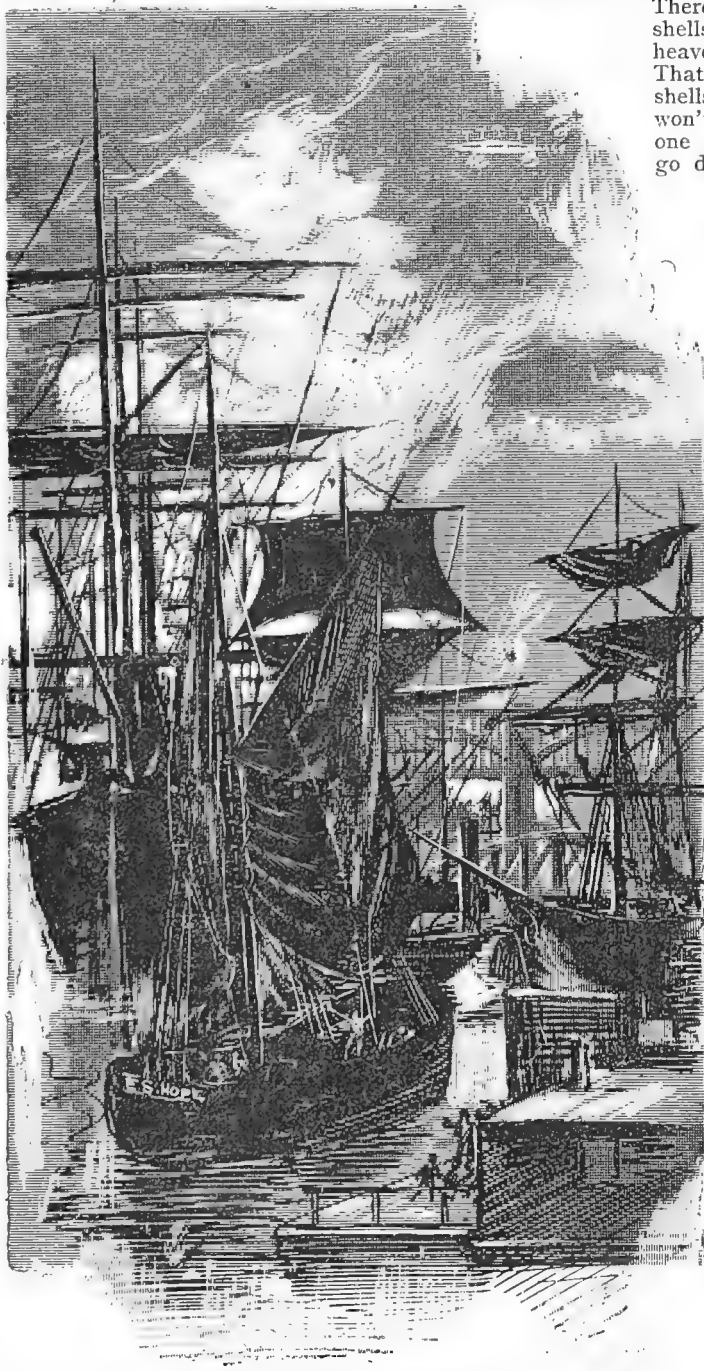
"No, no; you're right, that won't do," said Mr. Austen. "If we lose our elevation we give away our advantage, and we can't get him within range of our guns without bringing ourselves within range of his, and the worst of it is that the first shell that hits settles the matter. Confound the clouds! Look at them coming up there from the sea, and a sea-mist, too, by all that's unfortunate! Was there ever such a miserable climate as this? Ah, there he goes—I thought so. That's what the blackguard's been waiting for. We've lost him!"

Before the last word had left his lips the Anarchist air-ship had executed a daring but perfectly successful manœuvre. A dense bank of cloud had drifted rapidly in from the sea, followed by the rolling masses of a veritable sea-mist which swept up like a vast cloud of white smoke, mingling with the darker smoke of the fires and the explosions and the thousands of chimneys of the two towns.

Through this he dropped suddenly like a stone towards the earth, and, once enveloped in it, he set his propellers to work at their utmost speed and went skimming away out to sea at fully a hundred and

fifty miles an hour only a few hundred feet above the house-tops, leaving a dozen fires blazing furiously behind them in the town and on the river.

"Outwitted after all! And just as we had him at our mercy if it hadn't been for the town," exclaimed Mr. Austen. "And yet, what could we have done?"



"Dropping fire-shells into the shipping."

"Nothing," said Sir Harry. "There was no help for it. We couldn't have fired on him while he was between us and all those thousands of helpless people down yonder. I suppose it's no use chasing him any further?"

"Oh, no, not the slightest," said Mr. Austen angrily. "He's given us the slip completely this time. A needle in a hay-stack is nothing to an air-ship flying a hundred and fifty miles through a fog. Confound the weather!—and he was no fool either who was in command of that ship."

"Suppose it was Renault himself," said Sir Harry. "By heavens, if I thought that I'd have blown her up if it had wrecked half Newcastle! Why the deuce didn't that strike me before?"

"Well, we can't do anything now," said Mr. Austen. "Whether it was Renault or not he has outwitted us this time, and there is an end of it. Still, the *War-Hawk* hasn't done very badly for her first two or three hours in the air. We've destroyed one of the enemy and crippled another—and that reminds me, we may as well go back and see what has happened to that other one."

"And if we can only collar the crew we may find out whether Renault was in command of the expedition," said Sir Harry. "I shall never forgive myself if I hear that he was on board that brute that escaped."

Mr. Austen had carefully noted the course steered by compass in pursuit of the third air-ship as well as the time occupied, consequently he was able to run the *War-Hawk* back from Newcastle almost to the very spot where the disabled Anarchist had been left. Then, from a height of four thousand feet, her two search-lights were brought into play ahead and astern, and before long one of them fell on the object of their search, still hanging almost motionless in mid-air, supported by her rapidly revolving fans.

Her three propellers had been so shattered and twisted, and her stern had been so much damaged by the explosion of the shell that it was impossible for her to move a yard horizontally by her own power, and hence she was drifting to the westward at a rate of about twelve miles an hour before the breeze that had brought the unlucky mist, under cover of which her consort had escaped.

The *War-Hawk* with her two search-lights had, of course, been sighted by the Anarchists before she sighted them. It is hardly necessary to say that she was as absolutely at her mercy as a balloon would have been—more so, in fact; for an uninjured balloon would probably have, by this time, out-soared the *War-Hawk* and sought safety in the upper regions of the air. As it was, all the available force of her partially injured engines just sufficed, to keep her afloat, and that was all.

The *War-Hawk's* head-light, flashed straight down upon her, and, half-blinded by the rays, her crew looked up and saw the two forward guns with their muzzles depressed and converging upon them. Then they looked down at the dark earth lying below them, as it were, at the bottom of a gulf more than three thousand feet deep. A shot that crippled their lifting fans would send them headlong to death and destruction. A shell bursting in the hull of their ship would explode their magazine and scatter them and their craft in fragments through the air. It was no wonder that, under the circumstances, the courage which was equal to the destruction of defenceless towns or the blowing up of ocean liners swiftly degenerated into panic. There was one chance left, and that was surrender, and they took it. A white flag fluttered from a flag-staff astern.

"Ah!" said Mr. Austen as soon as he made it out.

"They seem to think discretion is the better part of valour."

"Which means," said Sir Harry, "that they prefer hanging to being blown to bits. Of course, we can't give them any other terms."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Austen.

"Still, I would much rather hand them over to the proper authorities if we can do so safely, than kill them ourselves in cold blood. And, besides, the moral effect would be very much greater. We'll go down and see what they have to say. I don't think they'll try any treachery with these two guns trained on them. It wouldn't pay."

Then he sent a message to the engine-room, and the *War-Hawk* sank slowly down, still keeping her guns trained on the Anarchists, until only a hundred yards separated the two vessels.

"Will you do the shouting, please? Your lungs are a good deal better than mine."

"Oh, yes, with pleasure," replied Sir Harry. "Though it's the first time I've been on speaking terms with these gentry."

So saying, he threw open a slide in the forward part of the conning-tower, and sang out as though he had been hailing a ship from the deck of his yacht:

"Air-ship, ahoy! Who are you, and does that white flag mean surrender?"

A little thick-set man, standing on the hull and holding on to the after-mast with one hand, made an expressive gesture with the other, and replied in a high, shrill voice and a strong German accent:

"Dis is de air-ship *Vengeur*, and ve are vat you call Anarchists. Jah, ve surrender! By tam, dere is noding else to do!"

(To be continued.)



"Jah, ve surrender!"



AT CLIPPER GAP.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN WAR.



"HOSE hounds must be driven out," said the general, lowering his field-glasses and turning a pair of cold grey eyes upon a staff officer who was standing near.

"If we could get a battery into Clipper Gap," responded the officer addressed, "the question might be soon settled, and at close range. The configuration of the land and the bore of our guns combine, it seems to me, to make any other solution impossible."

"Clipper Gap," echoed the general, rising visibly in his saddle, and then settling back with a sarcastic smile. "Clipper Gap, did you say, Colonel White? You are talking at random. Surely your suggestion is not feasible. You ought to know that a battery could not live to unlimber there, but even if it got into action—why, good Heavens, man, you must be dreaming!"

"Colonel White looked hurt, and instead of meeting the sharp glance of his commander he allowed his eyes to wander down to the left and in the direction of an old plantation dwelling, where a masked mortar battery had an hour before opened on the Federal lines with terrible effect.

"I only mentioned the matter, general," replied the staff officer, after a few moments of silence. "I shall be glad to execute any orders that you may have in the consummation of a better plan."

"But, my good man," returned the general, "a gunner could not live five minutes at the Gap. It would be downright murder to order a battery in there. Colonel White, would you lead a battery into Clipper Gap?"

"What a question!" replied the other. "What a question for a soldier! To be sure, I would lead a battery into the Gap, or anywhere else, if ordered to do so. By the way, general, this would be a great opportunity for your brave Captain Langhorne."

General Colby laughed heartily.

"Can't you forgive me, White, for saying Langhorne is the bravest man in the Third corps? You grow sarcastic every time you refer to the conversation of last evening. Langhorne is brave, brave as a lion. I know him under fire. Southerner, is he not? Colonel Williams told me that he had two brothers in the rebel army. Did you know him before the war?"

"Yes," answered the other, looking in the direction of the house. "I knew him very well. We were in the same class at the University of Virginia. Rivals first for honours in the schools, and later for the hand of the fairest woman in America."

"Langhorne got the girl, who, by the way, was of northern birth. Perhaps that accounts for his fighting sympathies. His people are all on the other side. He lives in this part somewhere, I believe. As to his bravery, I never considered him brave at all. You will say at once, general, that this is a prejudice arising from our early relations. Not so, I am not inclined to depreciate Langhorne's war record, which we all admit is splendid. I say simply that he is not a man of great physical courage."

During the brief recital the general's face wore a smile of innocent raillery, but as White concluded a stern expression stole over his countenance. He thrust his field-glass into a silver-bound case, and almost fiercely beat the long legs of his cavalry boots with a pair of heavy gauntlets, which he had taken off a few moments before. He was a man of imperious disposition and violent temper, with little liking for opposition from any source. White was a distant relative and trusted adviser, but it was evident he had gone too far. When the

first flush of his wrath had been beaten out upon his boot, he was enabled to speak, with some degree of moderation, the thoughts that had sent a wicked expression to his face.

"Colonel White," he began deliberately, "you impugn the courage of one of the bravest men in the service—a man whom I have learned to love and respect. I tell you he is as brave as a lion. His courage is always tempered with the coolest judgment, the very highest form of courage. Do you remember the day at—"

Here the general broke off abruptly, and drawing out the field-glass, fixed his sight on the house that stood on a long stretch of level ground below, whence rose, at frequent intervals, white puffs of smoke, telling of the cannonade still furiously waged from the mortars of the rebel battery. In a moment he broke off his inspection, and turning to Colonel White, said:

"Perhaps your suggestion of the gap as a point of action is not bad. I really do not see any way out of it, and just to prove that I am right I shall order Captain Langhorne in there. Some one has to go, and I am convinced that Langhorne has the right kind of stuff in him. He can wipe away the arrogant conceit of military prowess in three or four hundred rebel hearts, and at the same time wipe away the arrogant conceit of snap judgment in the heart of a brother officer," and General Colby again smiled good-naturedly upon his staff-officer.

Whether this opinion came from an honest conviction of military necessity or from the motive of vindicating an insolent judgment that was wont to consider itself infallible, we are not to judge. Men have been slaughtered before and will be again without apparent motive of any kind. Calling his orderly, and pointing to a group of mounted officers that rested on a little knoll three hundred or four hundred yards away, he said, "Tell Captain Langhorne to come here at once." The orderly saluted and withdrew.

General Colby looked at his watch, nervously slapping the neck of his black mare with the bridle rein. "We shall now see," he muttered half aloud, "who is qualified to weigh the qualities of a soldier."

Colonel White, who turned deadly pale, did not move a muscle or make reply.

Presently there was a clatter of hoofs in the rear, and Captain Langhorne reined up a big chestnut colt before his commander and saluted. His light brown hair framed a face of delicate refinement, which was lighted up by blue eyes that might have belonged to a woman. He wore his soiled forage cap a little on one side, and his tunic was open for a space of three buttons at the top, exposing a white shirt front.

General Colby looked first at Colonel White, then frigidly returned the salute of the young captain.

"Captain Langhorne," he began, and his voice trembled slightly, "it is necessary that those devils at yonder house should be dislodged. Take your battery to the gorge directly in their front, known as Clipper Gap. It is narrow, and you will be able to use only one gun at a time. In getting your position follow the ravine where we were this morning as far as possible. It will afford some cover."

The captain looked straight at his commander. The commander looked straight at his captain, Colonel White looked straight into his soul. Captain Langhorne broke the silence:

"Pardon me, general, did you say Clipper Gap? Did I understand the order to open fire on the house opposite the gorge?"

"Captain Langhorne, is not my order clear?"

"Yes, sir, quite clear, but I wanted to ask if—if—it is absolutely necessary—if—er—er—"

"Yes," thundered the general, "the order is imperative. Are you a coward? Have you—?" But in the midst of this furious tirade Captain Langhorne again respectfully saluted, and then galloped away to execute the order of his chief.

Soon the notes of a bugle floated over from the rear and right, and the two officers turned to see Langhorne's battery sweep at full gallop across a gentle depression directly in the rear and then disappear behind the high hills that skirted the ravine.

Once more they come into sight as they leave the ravine; and, debouching in the open, plunge full in the face of the enemy's guns, into the mouth of the gorge, unlimber, and go into action.

Then from the house, now less than 1,000 yards away, twelve hitherto silent pieces opened their brazen mouths, carrying death and desolation into the ranks of the Federal battery. In twenty minutes the horses had all been killed or disabled.

Then the guns were run up by hand, discharged, and by the same method returned for loading. The slaughter was fearful, and in this vortex of fire and blood and death all order was soon forgotten. There were only two things to do—load and fire. And they did that well, many dying in the doing, but all believing, no doubt, that it was very glorious to die for one's flag and country.

The fire of Langhorne's men was rapid and accurate, as attested by frequent changes in position of some of the rebels' guns, and by the silence of others. About sunset the fire of the opposing forces ceased altogether, and ten minutes later six men—all that were left of the Federal battery—dragged their weary and wounded limbs into the heavy undergrowth that covered the slopes of the gorge on either side. Some went to rest with the hopes of recovery and others to die. It was victory dearly bought.

Two hours later, having dined comfortably at his headquarters, after sending a detachment over to the gap with the purpose of looking for the dead and wounded, General Colby, with Colonel White and another member of his staff, rode down to the house which had borne the brunt of the Federal fire, and from which the rebels had hastily retreated simultaneously with the discharge of the last gun.

There was ruin everywhere about the house, which was apparently deserted. Only the shell of what a few hours before had been a fine old residence of colonial architecture now remained to tell of the cruel ravages of war. All about were evidences of easy living, marking the dismantled habitation as the home of a wealthy planter. After a walk about the place for nearly half an hour some one mentioned the cellar, and the general, who was not half a bad commander in exploring wrecked southern houses, nodded assent.

The orderly made a torch, and, lighting it, led the way down to the cellar, which the visitors were much surprised to find already lighted. An oil lamp burned brightly from the top of a barrel, and in a far corner of the room, upon a heap of *débris*, a tallow candle threw its unsteady rays upon the dead and mangled bodies of two female figures that lay upon the floor. Close to them a man was seated upon a low camp stool. His face was black, save where a stream of blood, trickling down from an ugly gash over the temple, had washed the darker stains away. As the officers approached, General Colby asked: "Who are you, and what the dickins are you doing here?"

"I have a perfect right to be here, sir," answered the blood-stained man. "I own the property about here. This is my house."

"And these bodies?" questioned the commander.

"My mother and my wife, general. I am Captain Langhorne."

A LOCOMOTIVE HERO

WELL, gentlemen, if you wish it, I'll tell you the story. When I was a youth of nineteen and lived with my parents in America, I had a boyish ambition to become an engine-driver, although I had been educated for loftier pursuits.

During my college vacation, I constantly lounged about the station, making friends with the officials, and especially with a driver named Silas Markley. I became much attached to this man, although he was forty years of age and by no means a sociable fellow.

He was my ideal of a brave, skilful, thorough-bred driver, and I looked up to him as something of a hero. He was not a married man, but lived alone with his old mother. I was a frequent visitor at their house, and I think they both took quite a fancy to me in their quiet, undemonstrative way.

When Markley's fireman left him, I induced him to let me take his place during the remainder of my vacation. He hesitated for some time before he consented to humour my boyish whim; but he finally yielded, and I was in great glee.

The fact was that, in my idleness and the overworked state of my brain, I craved for the excitement as a confirmed drunkard does for liquor, and, besides, I had such longing dreams of the fiery ride through the hills, mounted literally on the iron horse. So I became an expert fireman, and liked it exceedingly; for the excitement more than compensated for the rough work I was required to do.

But there came a time when I got my fill of excitement. Mrs. Markley one day formed a plan which seemed to give her a good deal of happiness. It was her son's birthday, and she

wanted to go down to Philadelphia in the train without letting him know anything about it, and there purchase a present for him. She took me into her confidence, and asked me to assist her. I arranged the preliminaries, and got her into the train without being noticed by Markley, who, of course, was busy with his engine.

The old lady was in high glee over the bit of innocent deception she was practising on her son. She enjoined me again not to tell Silas, and then I left her and took my place.

It was a midsummer day, and the weather was delightful.

The train was one which stopped at the principal stations on the route. On this occasion, as there were two specials on the line it was run by telegraph—that is, the driver has simply to obey the instructions which he receives at each station, so that he is put as a machine in the hands of one controller, who directs all trains from a central point and thus has the whole line under his eye. If the driver does not obey to the least tittle his orders, it is destruction to the whole.

Well, we started without mishap, and up to time, and easily reached the first station in the time allotted to us. As we stopped there, a boy ran alongside with the telegram, which he handed to the driver. The next moment I heard a smothered exclamation from Markley.

"Go back," he said to the boy; "tell Williams to have the message repeated; there's a mistake."

The boy dashed off; in a few minutes he came flying back.

"Had it repeated," he panted. "Williams is storming at you; says there's no mistake, and you'd best get on."

He thrust the second message up as he spoke.

Markley read it and stood hesitating for half a minute.

There was dismay and utter perplexity in the expression of his face as he looked at the telegram and the long train behind him. His lips moved as if he were calculating chances, and his eyes suddenly quailed as if he saw death at the end of the calculation. I was watching him with considerable curiosity. I ventured to ask him what was the matter, and what he was going to do.

"I'm going to obey," he said curtly.

The engine gave a long shriek of horror that made me start as if it were Markley's own voice. The next instant we slipped out of the station and dashed through low lying farms at a speed which seemed dangerous to me.

"Put in more coal," said Markley.

I shovelled in more, but took time.

"We are going very fast, Markley."

He did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the steam-gauge, his lips close shut.

"More coal," he said.

I threw it in. The fields and houses began to fly past half seen. We were nearing Dufreme, the next station. Markley's eye went from the gauge to the face of the time-piece and back. He moved like an automaton. There was little more meaning in his face.

"More!" he said, without turning his eye.

I took up the shovel—hesitated.

"Markley, do you know you are going at the rate of sixty miles an hour?"

"Coal!"

I was alarmed at the stern, cold rigidity of the man. His pallor was becoming frightful. I threw in the coal. At least we must stop at Dufreme. That was the next halt. The little town was approaching. As the first house came into view the engine sent its shrieks of warning; it grew louder—still louder.

We dashed over the points, up to the station, where a group of passengers waited, and passed it without the halt of an instant, catching a glimpse of the appalled faces and the waiting crowd. Then we were in the fields again. The speed now became literally breathless, the furnace glared red hot. The heat, the velocity, the terrible nervous strain of the man beside me seemed to weight the air. I found myself drawing long, stertorous breaths like one drowning.

I heaped in the coal at intervals as he bade me. I did it because I was oppressed by an odd sense of duty which I never had in my ordinary brain work. Since then I have understood how it is that dull, ignorant men, without a spark of enthusiasm, show such heroism as soldiers, firemen, and captains of wrecked vessels.

It is this overpowering sense of routine duty. It's a finer thing than sheer bravery, in my idea. However, I began to think that Markley was mad—labouring under some frenzy from drink, though I had never seen him touch liquor.

He did not move hand or foot, except in the mechanical control of his engine, his eyes going from the gauge to the time-piece with a steadiness that was more terrible and threatening than any gleam of insanity would have been. Once he glared back at the long train sweeping after the engine with a headlong speed that rocked it from side to side.

One could imagine he saw a hundred men and women in the carriages, talking, reading, smoking, unconscious that their lives were all in the hold of one man whom I now strongly suspected to be mad. I knew by his look that he remembered that their lives were in his hand. He glanced at the clock.

"Twenty miles," he muttered. "Throw on more coal, Jack; the fire is going out."

I did it. Yes, I did it. There was something in the face of that man I could not resist. Then I climbed forward and shook him roughly by the shoulder.

"Markley," I shouted, "you are running this train into the jaws of death."

"I know it," he replied quietly.

"Your mother is on board."

"Heavens!"

He staggered to his feet. But even then he did not remove his eyes from the gauge.

"Make up the fire," he commanded, and pushed in the throttle valve.

"I will not."

"Make up the fire, Jack," very quietly.

"I will not. You may kill yourself and your mother, but you shall not murder me."

He looked at me. His kindly grey eyes glared like those of a wild beast, but he controlled himself in a moment.

"I could throw you off this engine, and make short work of you," he said. "But look here, do you see the station yonder?"

I saw a faint streak against the sky, about five miles ahead.

"I was told to reach that station by six o'clock," he continued. "The express train meeting us is due now. I ought to have laid by for it at Dufreme. I was told to come on. The track is a single one. Unless I can make the siding at the station in three minutes, we shall meet it in yonder hollow."

"Somebody's blunder?" I said.

"Yes, I think so."

I said nothing. I threw on coal. If I had had petroleum, I should have thrown it on; but I never was calmer in my life. When death actually stares a man in the face, it often frightens him into the most perfect composure. Markley pushed the valve still further. The engine began to give a strange panting sound. Far off to the south I could see the dense black smoke of a train. I looked at Markley inquiringly. He nodded. It was the express. I stooped to the fire.

"No more," he said.

I looked across the clear summer sky at the grey smoke of the peaceful little village, and beyond that at a black line coming closer, closer, across the sky. Then I turned to the watch. In one minute more—well, I confess I sat down and buried my face in my hands. I don't think I tried to pray. I had a confused thought of mangled, dying men and women—mothers and their babies.

There was a terrible shriek from the engine against which I leaned, another in my face. A hot, hissing tempest swept past me. I looked up. We were on the siding, and the express had gone by. It grazed our end carriage in passing. In a sort of delirious joy, I sprang up and shouted to Markley. He did not speak. He sat there immovable and cold as a stone. I went to the train and brought his mother to him, and, when he opened his eyes and took the old lady's hand in his, I turned hastily away.

Yes, gentlemen, I have been in many a railway accident, but I have always considered that the closest shave I ever had.

What was the blunder?

I don't know. Markley made light of it ever afterwards, and kept it a secret; but no man on the line stood so high in the confidence of the company after that as he. By his coolness and nerve he had saved a hundred lives.

PEARSON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTFOLIO

OF

FOOTLIGHT FAVOURITES.

Second Edition of Part II. Now Ready.

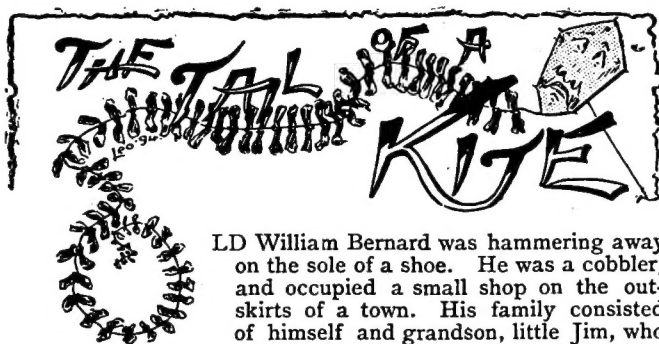
WHEN EXHAUSTED NO MORE COPIES CAN BE PRODUCED.

It can be no trouble to ask your newsagent to show you a copy, and if you think it is not honestly worth the Sixpence asked for it, we can only say you are hard to please.

No. 3 will be Ready on

FRIDAY, JANUARY 18th,

and will contain a double-page picture of exceptional beauty.



OLD William Bernard was hammering away on the sole of a shoe. He was a cobbler, and occupied a small shop on the outskirts of a town. His family consisted of himself and grandson, little Jim, who was ten years of age. Behind the shop was a room which served as a parlour, bedroom and kitchen. The cooking was done by Bernard himself, who possessed some knowledge of the culinary art.

Old William's reputation was not of the best; though he had never been detected in a really dishonest act, he was known to be tricky. But he had a genial manner, was always ready to talk, and his shop became a rendezvous for male gossips who liked to talk about the affairs of the day. On this particular morning two of the fraternity sauntered in.

"Good morning, William," said Peter Gibson. "How's business?"

"Bad," answered Bernard, shaking his head. "I can't compete with store prices, and it's a hard matter to keep body and soul together."

"Body and sole, eh?" said Peter, chuckling at his own attempt to be witty. "You must see that the sole keeps the body while it lasts."

Bernard laughed as he gave the shoe a resounding blow with his hammer. He always laughed at other men's jokes, however poor they might be; this was one of the secrets of his popularity. Presently Silas Parker remarked:

"Odd about the robbery, isn't it?"

"What robbery?"

"Haven't you read of it in the paper?" Silas asked in surprise.

"I have no time to read papers."

"Well, it happened last night up at the Hall. Mrs. Benton's pearl necklace was stolen. They say it was very valuable, and so long that it could be wound several times about her neck. The detectives are working up the case."

"Have they any clue to the thief?" Bernard asked, carelessly.

"Well, a slight one. They found a bit of cloth—What is the matter?" he broke off in alarm, as a cry escaped Bernard.

"Oh, I pounded my finger a little, that's all."

"You must have hurt it badly, you are quite pale."

"No, no!" Bernard answered quickly. "It is nothing. Go on with your story. You were saying that they found a bit of cloth."

"Yes; a small zig-zag piece, evidently torn from a coat. It was hanging on a nail."

"Well," said Bernard, deliberately, "I hope the robber will escape."

"Why," exclaimed Silas, in amazement. "For my part I hope he will be brought to justice."

"Justice!" said Bernard, testily. "Is there such a thing?" But Bernard was so evidently out of humour that Peter and Silas left him alone.

That night he took a bundle from his cupboard and went stealthily into his small garden. Digging a hole in the yielding ground he deposited the bundle in it, then filled it up, packing the earth tightly down so that it was impossible to discover it had been recently disturbed. Little Jim lay sleeping in the inner room, but, some noise awakening him, he crept from his bed and peeped into the shop just as his grandfather returned.

"I thought I heard a noise," said the child.

"So did I, and I went to see what caused it. It was nothing. Go to bed again and I will make you a kite—a marvellous kite, which you may fly to-morrow."

"Oh, will you, grandfather? Jolly! Now I'll go at once!" cried the delighted boy.

A smile curved Bernard's lips as he gathered together the materials for the kite. It took several hours to complete it, but when finished it was indeed a thing of beauty. It was four feet in height, and there were many coloured papers used in its construction. A fringe adorned the outer edge. But the tail was the most wonderful of all. A long string formed the foundation, and upon it were fastened pieces of cloth of graduating lengths, the longest being at the top and tapering down to a mere shred at the end. Each was twisted in the centre, the ends being allowed to fly, but so closely were they put on the string that scarcely any part of it was visible.

Little Jim rose early the next morning. His impatience was so great that he could scarcely contain himself until his grandfather should give him the kite; but he dare not express his wish, as Bernard seemed excited and nervous—an unusual thing with him. The boy wondered why he stood at the door so long, gazing anxiously about, returning to his work only to repeat the performance a few minutes later. At last he turned to the expectant child:

"Come," he said, "you shall fly the kite."

"Oh, is it not beautiful!" Jim cried, clasping his hands in admiration when the wonderful thing was held up for his inspection.

He was wild to touch it, but Bernard would not permit him to do so, and bade him hold the cord while he held the kite aloft himself. Soon it floated upward, the tail resembling a flock of birds as it straightened in the breeze.

"You are William Bernard, I believe," said someone.

As Bernard moved quickly he came face to face with two men.

"That is my name," he answered. "What is your business with me?"

One of the detectives, for such they were, eyed him sharply as he said:

"We are looking for a necklace which was stolen from Mrs. Benton."

"And do you suppose I have it?" demanded Bernard, with a great show of anger. "How dare you accuse me of stealing? But go—search the house—and if you find it—"

He finished with a harsh laugh. The men went to work.

Meanwhile Bernard was apparently absorbed in the kite, and laughed loudly as it rose higher and higher, the long tail curving and twitching like a snake. Presently it began to descend, and a shade of excitement was visible in his face, while little Jim cried out in dismay:

"Oh, grandfather, it is coming down, and will get caught in those trees."

"We will prevent that," said Bernard, with a furtive glance toward the house; and he loosened the cord.

But the kite steadily descended. It hovered over a tree for a few seconds then fell, the tail becoming entangled in the branches. Bernard gave the cord a sharp pull, and the kite dropped at his feet. Little Jim ran and picked it up.

"The tail is broken, grandfather," he exclaimed. "Oh, why did you hide these pretty beads? See—"

He spoke no further, for Bernard with an oath sprang forward and snatched the kite from his hand. At the same time one of the detectives, who had approached unnoticed, tore it from him.

"Ah! We are not mistaken, after all," he said, holding up the tail for his companion's inspection. Beneath each of the twisted rags was a small cluster of pearls.

POSTAL RATES.

SHORT STORIES will be sent direct from these offices, post free, to any country within the Postal Union, at the following rates, prepaid:—

One Year	...	...	...	...	6s. 6d.
Half Year	...	...	...	...	3s. 3d.
Three Months	...	...	...	...	1s. 8d.

Printed and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, at "Pearson's Weekly" Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Should Stout Persons STARVE THEMSELVES?

We are afraid that semi-starvation as a cure for corpulency prevails very much to a dangerous degree. Mr. Archer, the late well-known prominent jockey, was in the habit of going without food for a long stretch in order that he could ride a certain horse at its weight, and there is not much doubt that the debility resulting from this habit of abstemiousness was certainly not conducive to combating the dire attack of fever, which was, perhaps, indirectly responsible for the untimely end, in the zenith of his fame, of this unfortunate but accomplished horseman. Even Mary Jane in the kitchen will eat sparingly of the food allowed her, while she will seek to reduce her fat by copious draughts from the vinegar cruet, and succeed only in injuring the coats of her stomach—the forerunner of dyspeptic trouble which will be difficult to overcome.

The Continental medicos seem to advocate this great reduction of ordinary foods, but one of these savants suggests that the stout person should eat considerably of fatty meats, in order that the appetite is appeased, and consequently less food required, so that practically this is indirectly advocating semi-starvation. On the other hand, Mr. Russell, the British specialist, takes a different course. He says, "Eat as much as you like," and as it is an acknowledged fact that under his treatment persons lose from 2 lb. to 12 lb. per week, it beyond doubt stands out pre-eminent against those so-called starvation cures "made in Germany." Some claim that Mr. Russell has to insist upon his patients drinking hot water every morning, but on the contrary he avers that it is dangerous to do so, and has, of course, never advised it. No; the success of Mr. Russell's treatment is incomparably beyond other specialists, for he resorts to no stringent dietary, and simply prescribes a harmless vegetable tonic combination which is the outcome of years of study and botanical research. We advise all those interested in this question to get his book, the price of which is only 4d. It is entitled, "Corpulency and the Cure," 256 pp., and is published by him at Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It can be had direct, or through any bookseller.—*The Million*.

A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCE

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," 256 pages, and is a cheap issue (only 4d.) published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes:—"Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for, in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner, he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more, if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid:—"My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos—i.e., 34 lbs." Another writes:—"So far (six weeks from commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight." The next (a lady) writes:—"I am just half the size." A fourth:—"I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8 lbs. in weight since I commenced (two weeks)." Another writes:—"A reduction of 18 lbs. in a month is a great success." A lady from Bournemouth writes:—"I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about." Again a lady says:—"It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over." The author is very positive. He says:—"Step on a weighing machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee you have lost 2 lbs. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations."—*Cork Herald*



Delicate Children become Bonny, Chubby, and Strong.

If your children have failing health from any cause, no matter whether they are healthy children but out of health, or are naturally pale, delicate, and thin, do not hesitate, but procure them a Tonic at once, for no time should be lost in improving the general health of delicate children.

The period of childhood calls loudly for strengthening remedies; remember nature is at work building up tissues, developing nerve sensibilities as well as hardening bony structures. It is, therefore, the only rational treatment; in fact, it is a complete waste of time to give them anything else. Children's ailments when treated tonically yield at once, showing how urgently and terribly needed strengthening remedies are.

Infantina's Syrup is a simple, harmless, pleasant remedy, prepared from pure ingredients of a well-known curative and corrective character. The Hypophosphites of Iron and Lime are delicately united with other tonic and strengthening restoratives. These invaluable Iron and Lime Salts are absolutely essential for the growing tissues, and often health cannot be maintained without them.

Infantina's Syrup forms pure, rich, red blood and strengthens bony, muscular, and nervous tissues, thus attacking the very root of the delicacy. By its use the appetite increases, flesh is gained, general health augmented, and the whole functions of the body are more energetically performed. Do not forget that consumption, scrofula, anæmia, fits, bow-legs, knock-knees, pigeon-breast, and rickets, as well as other stunted and distorted growths, are entirely due to neglected delicacy in childhood.

There is no better remedy for the ills and ailments of children from two to fifteen years of age than Infantina's Strengthening Syrup, which changes peevish, pale, delicate children into healthy, happy boys and girls.

RECENT TESTIMONIALS.

MRS. HENDRY, writing from South Shields, states: "Infantina's Syrup has done my children a world of good; in fact, I should not like to be without it."

"GENTLEMEN,—I consider Infantina's Syrup a most satisfactory medicine for children. Mine are so fond of it that I have to lock the bottle away from them. There certainly is no trouble in getting them to take it. I have given it to three children—three, seven, and twelve years of age—and I can truthfully say it has made new children of them.—Yours sincerely, CAROLINE CROSS."

"GENTLEMEN,—I can speak most highly of Infantina's Syrup for delicate children. My daughter, I fear, inherited a delicate chest from her grandfather, who died of Consumption. Your Syrup has quite stopped her cough, and she has really commenced to get fat. No other medicine seemed to do her any lasting good. She finds it so pleasant to take that she looks forward to each dose.—Faithfully yours, MARY KNIGHT."

"DEAR SIRS,—I have found Infantina's Syrup a wonderfully strengthening medicine for children. I had no idea that a tonic would do so much for a delicate child. My little child has picked up marvellously since taking it.—Sincerely yours, EVELINE HODGE."

"GENTLEMEN,—Infantina's Syrup has been a blessing to me. I was quite alarmed about my youngest boy's health; he seemed to eat less and grow weaker every day. I have only given him two bottles, and it has quite changed the child; you would scarcely know it is the same boy.—Yours truly, Mrs. JANE FIELD."

Sold by Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. per bottle. If you cannot obtain it promptly remit 15 penny stamps to the INFANTINA COMPANY, 6, Sloane Square, London, S.W., and it will be instantly sent post paid. Full instructions accompany each bottle.